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Albert Camus

Parties and Truth

1. *Do you believe it is still possible to identify the cause of the Truth with that of a party, of a state, or of any organisation whatsoever? Do you believe that it is still possible to speak in good faith,* a priori, *of a "camp of peace"? Or do you believe that today such an attitude represents the gravest form of "abnegation" of one's conscience?*

If anyone in the world is custodian of the absolute truth, it is surely not the man or the party which claims to possess it. As for historical truth in particular, the more one claims to possess it, the more one lies. In the end, one becomes a butcher of the truth. The Hungarian insurrection was launched in the first place against the Big Lie. It was therefore necessary to assassinate the men who were fighting against the lie and then to try to dishonour them by a bigger lie, by calling them Fascists.

So far as the "camp of peace" is concerned, it would be better to put this question to the former "partisans of peace" who mobilised in the Stockholm Appeal to outlaw the atomic weapon. They have now to reconcile their attitude with Bulganin's ultimatum threatening England, France, and Israel with atomic rockets. The question has to be put to them for, apparently, they are not putting it to themselves.

The truth is that no nation has a monopoly of peace—not even, we know now, the "neutral" nations of the Orient. The manner in which these last, the Arab countries (except Tunisia),* and especially India—yes, the India which once was Gandhi's—betrayed Hungary at the same time as their own principles puts them hereafter on the same footing as the other nations. The nations of the Bandoeng group could have tried to save a great European nation from slavery and death. That would have been a recognition of, and a partial payment for, the efforts of all the free Europeans who pleaded freely the cause of the colonised peoples. But the Bandoeng group has become realistic at a very early age. Apparently adulthood comes quickly in history. These new nations must therefore be judged from now on as adults, solely on their acts, without preconceived sympathy or antipathy. And their attitude in the face of the Hungarian massacre is inexcusable. The future will undoubtedly expose this self-interested evasion as profitless. The moral strength which these nations

* So far as Algeria is concerned, to my knowledge at least, only the MNA of Messali Hadj has protested against the Soviet intervention in Hungary, without giving way on any of its own demands. I am not aware of any protest from the FLN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *After the suppression of the Hungarian revolution by the Red Army, Ignazio Silone and Nicola Chiaromonte, the editors of our Italian contemporary, "Tempo Presente," asked Albert Camus some questions about political principles and political expediency. We present them here, with M. Camus' answers.*

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possessed from the fact that they had been oppressed in a recent past has been squandered by them in a few days.

Let us therefore say that there are now only nations which are more or less belligerent. It seems, if I may take the word of the Progressist press, that America has lately shown herself less belligerent than Russia. But we need no one today to point out to us that Socialism, as well as capitalism, can engender wars. All that is necessary is a certain will for power, and I know hardly any nation which lacks it (exception made for those which have no arms—perhaps). We did not know this before for the simple reason that there was no Socialist state. Now we know. "Moral abdication" is in any case too noble a phrase to describe the attitude of those who persisted in seeing only doves to the East and vultures to the West. Blindness, a passion for slavery, or a nihilistic admiration of force seem to me to be more exact descriptions.

2. *Do you think that one should nevertheless attach more weight to considerations of political expediency than to the impulse which leads us to recognise factual truth before all else? If so, what in your opinion is the criterion of expediency?*

Cases of expediency should be examined to determine what proportion of truth they contain, what lessons may be drawn from them to correct what had been believed accurate hitherto. But expediency cannot be allowed to take precedence over the search for factual truth. Above all, expediency cannot be allowed to take precedence over respect for the truth, as it is permitted to do by the Communists and the Left intellectuals who follow them. For this systematic relativism leads to the death of the intelligence and the oppression of the worker. A press, a book, are not true because they are revolutionary. They have a chance to be revolutionary only if they try to tell the truth. One has a right to believe that the Truth, with a capital T, is relative. But facts are facts. And he who says that the sky is blue when it is grey prostitutes words and opens the way to tyranny.

It is perhaps expedient for a Communist newspaper to say that all the people of Hungary are Fascists except Kadar, his police, and his executioners. But the factual truth is that we have witnessed a revolt of workers, intellectuals, and peasants who wanted national independence and personal liberty. Real Fascism, to speak plainly, is that of Kadar and Krushchev, who crushed a popular revolt along with its soviets.

I confess that I do not understand either the sense of expediency which has impelled certain of our Progressist militants, after having denounced the Soviet intervention in Hungary, to recommend in their congresses unity of action with the French Communists who are still insulting the revolters. This recommendation comes at the same time that Hungarians are still being hanged (only the other day a young woman of twenty) and at a moment when a representative of the French Communist Party has declared that in identical circumstances he would accept the infliction by the U.S.S.R. on France of the same treatment inflicted on Hungary. So much acceptance ends by becoming crushing. What? Do these militants and Progressists love so madly the Russians they have never seen? No, but they heartily detest a part of the French—those who themselves hated the others enough to serve the cause of Hitlerian victory. If France is to disappear, we may be certain that she will die poisoned by these two hates.

3. *In the opposite case, what can the intellectual do today? Is it his duty, in all circumstances, to express his feelings and his opinions publicly, to all comers? Or given the gravity of events and the lack of effective political power, do you think he should simply continue his own work as best he can?*

It would be better for the intellectual not to spend all his time talking. In the first place, it will wear him out—and especially it will prevent him from thinking. He should create, if he can, and that first of all, especially if what he creates does not recoil before the problems of his own times. But in certain exceptional circumstances (the Spanish war,

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the Hitlerian persecutions and camps, the Stalinian trials and camps, the Hungarian revolt) he should permit no ambiguity about which side he has chosen. He should refuse above all to dilute the effectiveness of his choice by shrewd hair-splittings or prudent reservations, and should leave no doubt as to his personal intention to defend freedom. Intellectual groups can, in certain cases—particularly when the liberty of peoples and of thought is mortally menaced—constitute a force and carry out an action: the Hungarian intellectuals have just proved it. However, it should be noted, for our guidance in the West, that the constant signing of manifestos and of protests is one of the surest ways of degrading the effectiveness and the dignity of intellectuals. There is a permanent pressure to do this which we have all experienced and which we must have the courage to resist—often alone.

With these reservations, it is possible to favour group action. But it is first necessary that we, the Left intellectuals, who have already given way so often and are likely to do so again, should begin to analyse critically the reasoning and the ideology to which we have so far subscribed and whose ravages we can see in the most recent historical development. This is our most difficult task. Conformism today, it must be admitted, has fastened on the Left. It is true that the Right is not brilliant. But the Left is in full decadence, a prisoner of words, bogged down in its vocabulary, capable of no other than stereotyped answers, failing consistently to measure up to the reality from which it asserts nevertheless that it derives its laws. The Left is schizophrenic and should undergo treatment, by pitiless criticism, by using the heart, by sound reasoning, and by a little modesty. Until considerable progress has been made on this work of reform, any group action will be useless and even harmful. Meanwhile the rôle of the intellectual will lie in pointing out that the king is naked when he is naked, and not in describing ecstatically his imaginary robes.

However, to make a constructive contribution, I would suggest as one of the preliminaries to any future grouping, the acceptance of the following principle: *None of the evils which totalitarianism (recognisable primarily by a single party and the suppression of all opposition) claims to remedy is worse than totalitarianism itself.*

In conclusion, I believe (as one says, I believe in God, creator of heaven and earth) that the indispensable condition for intellectual creation and for historical justice is liberty and the free opposition of differences of opinion. Without liberty, there is no art. Art lives only by the limits which it sets for itself. It dies from all others. And without liberties, there is no Socialism either, except that of the gallows.

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Paul Ignotus

The Revolution of the Word

Poets, Peasants, and Commissars in Hungary

Bolshevism and Snobbery

THE vices of Communism are many, but its doom has been brought about, in Hungary at any rate, by its few virtues. The most important of these is literary snobbery. It is a virtue that dates from the epoch when its leaders were intellectuals, café-dwellers, and well-wishers toward, if not always adherents of, vegetarianism, homosexuality, Esperanto, absinthe, and the artistic *avant garde*. Lenin, a dreary but sagacious intellect, loved music and poetry and was as tolerant about rhymes and tunes as he was intolerant about opinions. And it will be remembered how, in the midst of the civil war, he found the time and energy to cajole Gorki, and ultimately to convince him that the horrors conspicuous in Bolshevik behaviour were both needful and legitimate. His voice, so sharp and venomous towards political opponents or even simple workers, simple peasants, and simple philosophers (e.g. in *Marxism and Empirio-Criticism*), at once became as ingratiating and tender as an amorous bull when he approached the representatives of Art and Letters. The leader of the Russian *avant garde* was at that time Mayakovski, a fervent though doubt-ridden Bolshevik (who later committed suicide). Lenin had but a vague idea of his talents and said so; he confessed, as one brought up on Pushkin's verse, to not properly understanding him; but he added that there must be some great merit in works which inspired highly educated youths to fight side by side with illiterate workers against the traditions of an oppressive past. Like so many enemies of pagan antiquity in the early Middle Ages who nonetheless vindicated Virgil on the grounds of those verses which, they said, had predicted the birth of the Holy Child, so Lenin, the prophet of 20th-century messianism, made every effort in his power to save from damnation the 18th- and 19th-century Virgils he adored, and also the Virgils-to-be of his own day. Thanks to his gentlemanly and revolutionary upbringing, he was a worthy successor of the more enlightened Czars.

Under Stalin's rule, and in particular after the Second World War, Lenin's kind of occasional, fascinated tolerance vanished, but an odd reverence for Culture continued to haunt the mind of the dictator. The infallibility of the First Secretary of the Party was established and nothing could be exempted from his jurisdiction: this applied to music and painting as much as to genetics or philology. No one was allowed to doubt that Stalin was the greatest philologist in the world: it is laid down in so many words in the *Dispute* on the late Professor Marr's theory of the origin and development of

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languages, published — subsequently to its appearance in *Pravda*—in Hungarian and presumably in Czech, Albanian, Chinese, and other translations some six or seven years ago. The *Dispute* reads like an intellectual drama with a regular exposition, development, and conclusion. In its first part we witness a heated debate between the supporters and the opponents of Marr's theory. When the resulting confusion threatens to grow disastrous, Stalin intervenes and solves in a few sentences all the basic problems of linguistic science; whereupon those vindicated by his statement express their relief and gratitude, and those put to shame repent publicly of their sins, pledge themselves to do their best to repair the damage they have wrought, and thank Comrade Stalin for having opened their eyes. There could be no question of his not being able to understand either a theory or, like Lenin, a piece of poetry. He no longer loved Art and Letters enough to respect their integrity, but he still loved them enough to violate them.

And, having once got his way, he was very generous indeed, both with praise and with cash. Soviet history books devoted far more space to creative minds than those of any free and civilised community, and the standard of life secured for writers and artists in Soviet-ruled countries was second only to that enjoyed by the ruling caste of Party leaders and other highly privileged "proletarians." The cultural policy of Stalinist society was a mixture of bloodthirstiness, philistinism, and starry-eyed extravagance.

Verse-forms and Politics

MINE is a country of incomparable poets. Why this should be so, Heaven only knows; certainly the average Hungarian is not very poetically minded as compared with his next-door neighbours: the music-ridden Austrian to the west, the gaudy Rumanian to the east, the song-loving Yugoslav to the south. The Hungarian language, half Finno-Ugrian and half "Mongolian" in origin, is dry in tone, with polysyllabic words which tend to monotony on account of their basic phonetic rule, and with a music which contrasts with that of European languages as the drum with the violin. But is not our great modern composer Béla Bartok a bit drum-like, too, in comparison with others of his standing? I am completely ignorant about music, and only follow vague instincts and some modern conventions in calling him great; but my guess is that his magic consists in ordering very dry, unsentimental sounds in such a way as to express his own feelings and visions, and all the more movingly because of the tonal austerity. Nothing is more stirring than a drum giving away its heartbeats; and that is the miracle performed by any tolerably good poet who happens to be writing in Hungarian.

The Hungarian language is a hard instrument, rhythmical but unmelodious, which surprises one by its capacity to produce, nevertheless, a soft and delicate effect. That at least is how we Hungarians feel about it. The fact that Hungarians write in Hungarian has never stopped striking us as a special favour conceded by an otherwise most cruel destiny. Two hundred years ago such a thing was hardly believed possible. A good Hungarian could not be a learned Hungarian. Learned Hungarians thought it beneath the dignity of a learned man to write in Hungarian. Good Hungarians thought it beneath the dignity of a Hungarian to write at all.

But then began an intellectual revolution which has continued intermittently down to the present day, in spasms always leading to political upheavals. The discovery that Hungarian was suitable, more perhaps than any other living language, for versification in ancient classical metres excited the minds of the near-illiterate gentry as early as the end of the 18th century. Politically, it acted as a challenge to the dead Latin letters of a feudalist constitution which petrified their country in the condition of a glorified Hapsburg colony. Some decades later, the discovery that the Hungarian language was adaptable to modern German and Italian metres was considered proof that the Hungarian mind could be adapted to commerce and industry. And when, by the middle of

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Paul Ignotus : Curriculum Vitae

I was born in Budapest in 1901. My grandfather was Leo Veigelsberg, a leading political journalist at the turn of the century. My father was Hugo Ignotus (a pen-name that became his surname and thus mine), poet, critic, political journalist, and the first editor-in-chief of "Nyugat" (*"West"*), *an influential literary periodical of advanced liberal politics which rallied the best Hungarian authors of the 'teens. I, too, became a journalist. I was on the staff of the daily* "Esti Kurir" (*editor-in-chief: Károly Rassay, M.P., leader of the Liberal Opposition*) *and contributed to a great number of periodicals* (*besides* "Nyugat," *I should mention the radical weekly* "Toll" (*"Pen"*), *edited by a brilliant and pugnacious poet-journalist, Béla Zsolt, until it was banned by the Horthy régime*). *I was known as a "liberal socialist," a man of the Left* par excellence. *Certainly I was very impertinent in my criticism, both of the public figures whom one was supposed to respect, and of the literary works which were popular successes in those days. When, however, my contemporaries started dying, I wrote some quite tender and respectful obituaries, swollen into essays, and these may be, up to now, my best writings.*

In 1936, I started, together with Attila József, François Fejtö, and others, a literary magazine, "Szép Szó." *This advocated, as far as was possible in Horthy's Hungary, a Popular Front and a* rapprochement, *in the form of a Danubian Federation, with Hungary's neighbours, in order to counter the menace of Nazism. The fact that the character of a literary periodical should be defined by its political leanings was revealing both of the situation in Hungary, where literature was the main outlet for political opinions otherwise persecuted, and of myself who, despite my primarily literary interests, was more and more driven into political controversy. In 1939 the Chamber of Journalists—established on the fascist pattern—refused to admit me, which meant that I had to stop earning my living as a journalist. I then came to England as a refugee, though contributing to* "Szép Szó" *until it was banned and, under a pen-name or anonymously, to* "Népszava," *the daily of the Social Democratic Party in Hungary.*

In England, between 1940 and 1947, I worked on the staff of the BBC and contributed to such British papers as the "Manchester Guardian" *and the* "New Statesman and Nation." *I took some part in Free Hungarian politics, arguing for a united anti-fascist front of the various refugee groups; and when by the last year of the war a Council of Hungarians in Great Britain was formed under the presidency of Count Michael Karolyi, I was co-opted as a member. In 1947, I joined the Hungarian Legation in London as Press Attaché and Counsellor. I was bemusing myself with a hope of being able to act as a "bridge" between Britain and Russian-occupied Hungary. This may not have been such an unreasonable idea at the time; but it cost me dear. In the summer of 1949, when I returned to report to my Government and to settle some family matters (my father was on his deathbed), I was imprisoned by the political police, the AVH. They tortured me, tried me* in camera, *and sentenced me to fifteen years' hard labour as a "British spy" in November 1950. The subsequent years of my imprisonment were not very cheerful either; though I did compose in gaol a prison diary in the form of a poetic cycle, which is now being published, both in Hungarian (Munich) and in French (Paris). French and British writers, and some of other countries (Thomas Mann, for instance), intervened on my behalf, but to no avail. At last came the Twentieth Congress, and Bulganin's and Khrushchev's trip to London. The Soviet statesmen had prior news of British Labour's intentions of taking up the matter of imprisoned Hungarian socialists. Before their departure, therefore, they gave orders to Rakosi to release the lot. On March 30, 1956, to my surprise, I was freed.*

I was allowed to resume literary work, and even to contribute to newspapers. The Association of Hungarian Writers elected me a member of its Presidential Council at a congress which made a great stir in Hungary and to which I refer in my essay. My part in the Revolution was, on the whole, similar to that of other members of the Council. After the deportation of Imre Nagy and his associates by the Russians, I felt that there was nothing more I could do. Together with my wife (who had also been imprisoned for five years as a "British spy") I escaped from Hungary and arrived in England at the beginning of December 1956. I am now writing a book of recollections which André Deutsch will publish next year.

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the 19th century, the old and temporarily neglected Magyar verse-forms were rediscovered as being, after all, even more suitable vehicles of European thought in the Hungarian language, this was taken for proof of the urgent need to emancipate our serfs, who in their songs had always kept to them. "We must make the people rule in literature, so that they shall rule in politics," wrote Petöfi to Arany.

That was a fascinating chapter of our history. The precursors and the leaders of the War for Freedom of 1848–9 — Széchenyi, Kossuth, Szemere—were busy coining Magyar words for notions such as "state" and "lawsuit," and also a "you" to replace the former "thou," "Thy Excellency," and the like. Some of our leading statesmen—the liberal Catholic essayist Baron Eötvös, and, somewhat earlier, the Protestant orator of Plutarchian inspiration, Kölcsey, author of the text of our national anthem—were themselves poets of standing. And all our poets and fiction-writers were engaged in the Revolution. Jósika, then a world-famous, today an unreadable though touchingly high-minded, "Hungarian Walter Scott"; young Jókai, who later achieved world fame as a novelist of rich and uninhibited imagery; Andras Fáy, narrator of Æsopian fables and founder of the first Hungarian savings bank; Vörösmarty, peerless virtuoso of the hexameter in his epics and terror-haunted visionary in his lyrics; Bajza, sentimental elegist and sardonic polemist; and even the greatest artist of the Hungarian language, shy and thrifty Arany, with his twin cravings for peasants' huts and ivory towers (both, of course, isolated from public quarrels): all of them were fighters, body and soul, for the national and liberal cause. Most important of all was Petöfi, the leader of the Radical youth and of its street rebellion on March 15th, 1848. He lived only twenty-seven years—a life all movement, battle, and creative restlessness; he spent it wandering from one village to another, disseminating Hungarian folklore in the cafés of Pest, translating Shakespeare, contributing to news sheets, and breathing poetry. He was killed on the battlefield in 1849.

Petöfi was an admirable war poet; since then we have had admirable peace poets only. By the beginning of this century, praise of martial virtues had been left to the mediocre conformists; the sole sort of physical bravery appreciated by braver spirits was that of defying the State's rulers who expected you to die for them. My father, the late Hugo Ignotus, founder of the periodical *Nyugat* ("West"), the rallying point of those new writers who defied Hohenzollern militarism and Hungarian provincialism, struck the new note at the time of the Boer War in his poem "Killed at Ladysmith"—flouting the very idea that there might be anything on earth worth dying for. His younger fellow-writers went further: during the First World War the great poet Endre Ady, a leader of Radical youth much as Petöfi had been seventy years before, showed more sympathy for the Entente and the rebel national minorities of Hungary than for Hungarian nationalism; while his most gifted friend and rival, Michael Babits, a poet of quite extraordinary culture and sensibility, too pontifical to join in party politics, swelled the pacifist propaganda with, for instance, a poem declaring that he would sooner shed his blood for his sweetheart's little finger than for "a hundred kings and flags." They were one and all patriots; but patriotism had become self-critical to the point of defeatism in their lifetime.

In the hangover after that First World War, poetry seemed to justify itself as a kind of lie-detector in politics. The Hungarians, whether they read poetry or not, are all believers in poetry. In their opinion, a noble war must have good poets like Petöfi, while an ignoble war can only have objectors like Ady. It may be a puerile belief, but I hope I shall not be accused of jingoism if I confess to loving it. When in 1946, after spending the years of the Second World War in London, I went home for the first time, I was embarrassed by the eagerness of friends who wanted to know, "Who was the great poet of England's anti-Fascist war?" That a war for freedom could have been waged without a Petöfi never entered their heads. What

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answer could I give? Priestley, after all, was not a poet; nor was Spender the poet of the war; still less Auden, who spent it in America. Literature and national politics were at one in the Britain which had fought for its survival—but how explain to Hungarians that this did not mean poets marching in the front line? In our country they have always been there.

"Socialist" Philistinism

THE Moscow-trained leaders of Hungarian Communism were mostly Jews from the commercial middle-classes. Their chief ambition was to make people forget they were Jews and to dissociate themselves from the commercial middle-classes. They were of the type, not uncommon among the bourgeoisie, who like revolution because it enables them to pose as *gentilhommes* who have taken up arms against their own class. They were semi-intellectuals, ostentatiously unconventional in their youth, crudely realistic once they had outgrown it. As young men they had taken part in the Hungarian Soviet experiment of 1919. After that failed, it seemed they had to choose between remaining immature utopians for the rest of their lives or becoming mature stockbrokers with thrilling red patches in their past. Those of their comrades who decided for the former have since been liquidated as "Trotskyites." Those deciding for the latter have been absorbed by capitalist respectability. But eventually a third, and up to then undreamed-of possibility offered itself in the form of Stalinism. It enabled hard-boiled stockbrokers, dealers in lives and power, to parade in splendid uniforms and, at the same time, to pose as revolutionary representatives of the working class. Patronage of romantically bohemian poets fitted in admirably with this complex attitude; so did the cult of our classic poets who had fought for freedom. Frequent quotations from the passionate outbursts of a Petöfi or an Ady against kings, counts, and priests were used to justify cruelties against members of former ruling classes, while other quotations could gild the Moscow-trained revolutionaries with traditional Magyar rhetoric. For these merchants of politics, poetry was something which, if it had not existed, would have had to be invented.

Socialist Realism, however, the æsthetic principle that was applied with increasing intolerance from 1948 onwards, somewhat complicated the making of these gestures. "What Socialist Realism is," said the Hungarian writer Emile Kolozsváry-Grandpierre in the "thaw" period of 1956, "has only been known to one man, Zhdanov, and he took the secret with him to the grave." Indeed, its theory is too confused to be worth serious analysis; but what it meant in practice was obvious—a ban on all playfulness of imagination and on all abstract forms of expression, which were labelled "formalism," "subjectivism," and "idealism," and equally on all efforts to represent things as they appear in everyday life, which were labelled the "photographic approach" or "naturalism." It defined any resemblance to modern Western style as "cosmopolitan," which implied blame, in contrast to the approving word, "internationalist"; it discouraged non-political fiction or poetry; and it declared in so many words that the arts and literature should be "partisan," i.e. propagandist in the service of the Communist Party. Out of these requirements and prohibitions there developed a style which, if separated from its propagandist elements, can hardly be distinguished from the century-old conventions of lower middle-class taste. In honour of Soviet warriors, Albert Memorials were erected, though without wings on their angels' shoulders; in honour of Stakhanovite workers, sentimental novels were written in which the villains were unmasked as kulaks or Titoist agents and the blushing newly-weds at the end received their congratulations standing under a portrait of Stalin (and one of Rákosi, too, if they happened to be Hungarian).

However, I think I need not labour this theme. It is well understood today that, whatever the merits or shortcomings of Communism, it is more opposed to artistic originality and less afraid of making itself ridiculous by

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turning its officials into fictional heroes than is any "bourgeois" system.

But once more the saving tradition of snobbery intervened. The Hungarian Communist dictators, only too servile in imitating Stalin and echoing Zhdanov, made every effort to flood the Hungarian press and book market with anti-capitalist Horatio Algers and anti-religious Mrs. Humphrey Wards; but they also insisted on the Petöfis becoming Horatio Algers and the Aranys becoming Mrs. Wards. Their ideal was lowbrow literature produced by highbrows. They wanted political conformists well-seasoned with that nonconformism which recalled their own intellectual salad days.

They started a great effort to win over men of letters. They courted them, spoiled them—and terrorised them. Writers were directed to alter characters in their novels and to insert in their plays scenes devised by the magistrates. The Party newspaper published lengthy articles by its spokesmen of official literary policy, the dynamic and half-baked Joseph Révai and the preposterous Márton Horváth, Rákosi's parrot, which gave the writers their marching orders, dealing them here a cuff and there a pat on the shoulder, combining great publicity and the tribute of an intrusive interest in their work with many humiliations. The Writers' Association was supported with excessive liberality. Authors —among them poets who had never before been able to support themselves by their own writings—were richly rewarded so long as they complied with the ideological demands set forth by Party theoreticians, and wrote an occasional eulogy of Stalin or Rákosi. Even of those reluctant to do so, many were quite well off. True, the Catholics, socialists, and liberals among them were intensely disliked, and some were imprisoned, as also were those Communists suspected of deviations from the Zhdanovite line;* but other categories of dissenters were cajoled and, in Révai's words, "helped by being criticised." This applied particularly to writers known as anti-Semites; Rákosi and Révai (both Jews) being the keenest on receiving public evidence of their attachment. In general, all who were not persecuted were well treated. They were allowed everything, except to write as they pleased. And even those who preferred silence were tolerably well looked after by the Government authorities, who thus hoped sooner or later to "bring them to their senses." Writers could make a better living by not writing than previously by writing. Strangely enough, however, writers want to write.

The Subversive Classics

PART of Hungarian contemporary writing was prostituted and part was silenced. Readers, bored to death by eulogies of Stalin's wisdom and his soldiers' heroism, boycotted the works of Socialist Realists. In the public libraries and on the bookshelves of Party members, the volumes of Russian and conformist Hungarian authors lay about in an alarmingly clean condition, untouched and unread, compared with those published in "reactionary" epochs. Under a régime so eager to make culture available to the masses, this was a depressing show. Something had to be done, and the answer was to cultivate the classics. Socialist Realism tyrannised over contemporary literature, but tolerated ideological deviations in the great writers of the past; the idea being that things said a long time ago could no longer be dangerous and could anyhow be explained away on grounds of "Marxist-Leninist" theory. Homer was a great poet, they admitted; his failure to distinguish between peoples' wars and imperialist wars should be excused because he could not know about Dialectical Materialism. "In Dante," according to a school textbook, "some remnants of religious feeling are apparent, but his work was all in all of a

* E.g., the Very Reverend László Mécs, the favourite poet of right-wing Hungary; the socialist poet György Faludy, since then escaped and now in exile; the poet Zoltán Csuka, Communist Party member, a translator of Serbo-Croat poems and therefore labelled a Titoist; the poet Endre Havas, a communist who, carrying out Party directives, used to work for Count Michael Károlyi in London and Paris and who was, therefore, tortured to death by the political police in Hungary as an "Anglo-French spy."

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progressive character." So were those of the old Hungarian poets. That enchanting troubadour of the early 17th century, Count Bálint Balassi, "was fundamentally a democrat, although he beat his serfs," because, as a leading literary historian pointed out in a lecture at the University of Budapest, "he beat his bailiff as well." People were encouraged to admire—with qualifications—the aristocratic as well as the liberal past.

And with these qualifications in the form of commentaries, really good editions of Hungarian and foreign classics were published. They were more carefully edited, better produced, and above all cheaper than ever before. Real credit should be given for that to Rákosi and his associates. It was a fruitful effort. The readers, including the great masses of the "lowbrow," bought and read them greedily. Imagine a situation in which Milton and Donne and Keats are best-sellers! That was cultural progress indeed; and it came about because the readers had no choice. So long as they could still choose between, say, Maurice Dekobra or Edgar Wallace on the one hand, and the Milton, Donne, or Keats of Hungary on the other, they voted for Dekobra and Wallace. But once the choice lay between yet another story of the Heroic Tractor Driver and a new edition of the Hungarian Milton, they made Milton a best-seller.

The readers ultimately did more than that: they learned to use their own judgment. They got used to either skipping the dialectical-materialist commentaries or to reading between their lines. They learned to apply the words of old masters to new problems and new conditions. Love for the classics was a protest against the political police. And, over and above day-to-day politics, it helped to develop in comparatively broad masses an unprecedented degree of artistic sensibility and philosophic curiosity. The Hungarian dream of poets fighting at the barricades and masses of *sans-culottes* clamouring for high-brow poetry had at last come true; by the outbreak of the October Revolution last year, the demand for literature of a high order had swelled to a battlecry.

Attila József

ACCORDING to Moscow and to those who take their opinions from Moscow, the Hungarian rising was initiated by American agents and former Hungarian landlords, capitalists, and Horthy officers. In fact, it was initiated by Hungarian writers, living and dead, of whom the most potent might be living now had he not committed suicide in his early thirties, some years before the last war: he was the poet Attila József.

English readers may remember the impressive pages devoted to his memory in Arthur Koestler's autobiography and in his essay in ENCOUNTER;* also the references to him by students of recent Hungarian affairs. In some countries, his poems have had quite a literary vogue. In France, for example, his works are constantly appearing, either in periodicals or in complete volumes, and "Mama," his famous poem to his mother, has been translated by at least seven French poets. He was without question a great poet. I only wish that some day I might attempt to tell English readers what made him so; but here I must confine myself to explaining what made him a great leader of a revolution which he did not live to witness.

His background and some of his personal characteristics made the ideal mixture for a Poet-of-the-Working-Class as seen by a Hungarian Stalinist. The son of a vagrant worker who followed his will-o'-the-wisp fantasies around the world, and of a washerwoman of the poorest and purest Magyar peasant stock, he was born in a Budapest slum in 1905. His childhood was one of penury and strange adventures; his boyhood, despite some personal ties which he and his family developed with the middle classes, often relapsed into penury and was involved in even more adventures. By the time he was admitted, at seventeen, to the University of Szeged, he had already had a book of poems published and been tried for blasphemy. Starvation, a yearning for beauty and knowledge, and clashes with all kinds of authorities left their mark on his whole life and work. Although from

* "Attila, the Poet," May 1954.

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time to time a few rich persons gave him financial help—for instance, the two Barons Hatvany (Louis, the old Radical writer, and Bertalan, the young Tory Democrat) and some liberal members of the Jewish bourgeoisie—he was still earning his bread as a messenger, and living in a shabby room in the suburbs of Budapest, when he already ranked as a leading poet of his generation. He wandered about the world, to Hungarian towns and villages, to Vienna and Paris, somewhat like the young Rimbaud or Gorki or Jack London, and very much like our Petöfi to whom he bore some physical resemblance. An anarchist by nature (and from time to time by conviction), he absorbed all the unorthodox ideas of his age and indulged in all sorts of eccentricities and rebellions, artistic and scientific as well as political, with the exuberant but tiresome dynamism of a Prometheus in Montparnasse. His genius was fortunately more powerful than his theories, and composed—out of the welter of his ideas —tender lyrics and grotesque epigrams with an exhilarating irrelevance to what he meant them to convey. His youth, up to about the early 1930's, was *Sturm und Drang* at its best and worst. And it was followed by a crisis which made him sacrifice intellectual vagrancy to the idea of a proletarian World Revolution. He joined the underground Communist Party and began to write Red propaganda poems.

Thus his origins, childhood, and eventual conversion to cut-and-dried Bolshevism (symbolising as they did the Communist slogan, "Workers' and Peasants' Alliance under the Workers' leadership"), and his endless clashes with authority (symbolising class warfare), all made up an exemplary career for the Poet-Hero of a People's Democracy. Even his personal ties with well-to-do liberals could be excused (were they not "an objectively progressive force in the given circumstances"?), while his "formalism" and other crimes against Socialist Realism could be represented as groping his way towards the Party he ultimately embraced. Had he died at that moment, everything would have been perfect. But unfortunately for the Communists he lived, and, after about a couple of years, fell out with them.

He found the atmosphere in the Party suffocating, and said so. He became interested in psychoanalysis, and went on arguing for it despite grave warnings from the guardians of ideological purity. He agitated for a *rapprochement* with Social Democrats, Liberals, and representatives of the peasantry, and was expelled from the Party. He made some ribald remarks about Russian Communist poets, and in return was denounced by the paper of the Hungarian Communists in Moscow as a Fascist. After a while, as may be remembered, the Party line changed and the Hungarians in Moscow themselves urged friendly links with anti-Fascist parties; they went so far as to give unqualified support to everyone in whom they hoped to find an ally against Hitler. Attila József found their forgetfulness altogether too much, and was denounced by them as a Trotskyist. He hit back, and in fact gave up being a Communist, even in theory; he embraced Social Democracy; and made an attempt, which he hoped would result in the great achievement of his life, to build up "a synthesis of Marx and Freud." At one point he wrote a passionate article against Bolshevism; later, he refrained from such attacks because he believed in a popular front, though not under Communist leadership. He crowned his apostasy by launching a literary magazine called *Szép Szó*, which urged that writers should write well. The title "Szép Szó," meaning as it does both "beautiful word" and "argument," expressed the faith of a passionate searcher after truth. Attila József was indeed driven by an almost frantic urge to find the truth. He dug deep into his own consciousness and memories, would discover a cosmic hint or utterance in some trifling detail, and indeed went so far in his mania for analysis that the symptoms of schizophrenia and paranoia became unmistakable. His poetry reached its visionary peak in moments of gruesome self-dissection. Finally, finding nothing, no answer anywhere to his desperate search for truth, he committed suicide by throwing himself under a train.

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When the Communists came to power in Hungary, they canonised him as their own particular saint. The University of Szeged was named after him, and countless other things from streets, theatres, and cinemas to mechanical cranes and boiled sweets. It was held, and not without reason, that Petöfi, Ady, and Attila József had most truly interpreted the Hungarian people's struggle for social justice. Attila József's protest against the unlawful death sentences passed on the Communists Fürst and Sallai, and against the unlawful reimprisonment of Rákosi, were recalled with satisfaction; and tacked on to them was a myth, circulated by the literary prostitutes of the régime, that the poet had met Rákosi in secret and acknowledged him as his master.

But how to account for his development after the break with Communism? This was indeed a tricky problem. Attila József's co-editor of *Szép Szó*, who happened to be myself, was labelled by the Communists a "petty bourgeois" and was kept in gaol after 1949 as a "British spy." Other associates, including our fellow-editor, the historian and literary critic François Fetjö, and Attila's lawyer, Professor Vámbéry, both living in exile, were labelled respectively "Trotskyist" and "typical petty bourgeois." From the new editions of Attila József's poems, names like these had to be deleted. It was declared that he had not been expelled by the Party, but only by a "group of sectarians," and that, in Márton Horváth's words, "though his links with the Party were thus severed, those with Communism never were." His part in *Szép Szó* had to be falsified, his interest in psychoanalysis suppressed, his attachment to Social Democracy denied, and his suicide represented as a misconceived but unmistakable message of sympathy to the Communists.

But the cult of Attila József boomeranged. Readers were more impressed by the poems than by the official commentaries appended to them, and, once they had taken a liking to the poet, started whispering about the heterodoxies they discovered in his work. That was so during the Stalin régime. After the official "thaw" set in, the lies associated with his cult were debunked one after another, and interest in psychoanalysis and liberal socialism, such as he had shown in his suppressed writings, started to spread among the new intelligentsia. Quotations from his poems were turned against those who had used their power to popularise them; his figure grew indeed into a symbol—a symbol of the real revolutionary's protest against totalitarianism, whether of the Right or Left, and against colonisation of his country, whether by Berlin or Moscow. In many other countries, the reaction of disgust with Stalinism was inhibited among advanced intellectuals by fear of turning against the original and greatest revolution of our century; but Attila József enabled the Hungarian revolutionaries to free themselves from this inhibition. He was as brave in advocating common decency as only an uncommon personality can be.

The Highbrow Revolution

> "In Hungary, the organisers of the slander campaign against Party workers and civil servants were certain intellectual circles—a group of writers and journalists. They included Tibor Déry, Gyula Hay, Zoltán Zelk, and their associates. . . ."
>
> (From a lecture by a leading member of the Hungarian "Revolutionary Workers' and Peasants' Government," Antal Apró, at the Karl Marx University of Economics, Budapest, quoted by Budapest Radio on February 10th, 1957.)

It is not my endeavour in these notes to give either a history or an analysis of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956;* the rôle of

* May I refer English and French readers interested in the subject to George Mikes's *Hungarian Revolution*, Peter Fryer's *Hungarian Tragedy*, François Fejtö's *Tragédie Hongroise*, the special number on Hungary of *Les Temps Modernes* (January 1957) edited by J. P. Sartre, and, as evidence of the impact made by the Hungarian writers' activity on both the development of their own country and the minds of Western fellow writers, the full translation of the last issue of the Budapest *Irodalmi Ujság* ("Literary Gazette") published by Pierre Horay in Paris, and *Hommage aux Poètes Hongrois* by French poets, edited by L. Gara. *France-Observateur* published in January 1957 eye-witness accounts of interest by Victor Voroszylski and Thomas Schreiber; *Preuves*, in December 1956,

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the writers who played a part in it also merits more detailed description than I can give here. I am concerned only with the literary background of the rising, and would like to conclude by making some points about the events of the last twelve months which may throw a little light on the Hungarians' present state of mind.

The writers' protest which preceded the rising of the masses was originally highbrow and esoteric. They refused to write to the Socialist Realist pattern; some of them started, or restarted, using their own language. That this should attract the masses could hardly have been foreseen. The Socialist Realist jargon was certainly tiresome, on account of its technical terms and topical slogans, but it aimed at simplicity and did not require a great intellectual effort to follow. It should have read—and was so read by the zealots, as long as any existed—as easily as a comic strip in a daily paper. Poets and novelists who had been trained in its idiom now suddenly indulged in the sort of intricate or unusual language which had been condemned as unintelligible to the man in the street. But the man in the street received it with relief and passionate interest. There is, for instance, a young poet in Hungary, Ferenc Juhász, a peasant's son and the product of Communist schooling, whose first, rather conventional poems, containing here and there a spark of tender humour or a vivid description of a landscape, were hailed with the enthusiasm due to a new People's Democratic star. But as time passed he wrote poems less and less tailored for the masses, which the masses read more and more avidly. About a year ago, rumour had it that the "dogmatic" and the "de-Stalinising" authorities were hotly debating whether his latest poems should be published at all. A compromise was reached, and his poems published in an edition of only a few hundred copies, so that they should pass unnoticed by the public. Some weeks later, they were being sold at many times their original price on a politically-minded black market to people as thirsty for "formalist" literature as the Americans had been for drink during the years of Prohibition.

The second great crime, "naturalism," had a similar reception. The young author Ferenc Karinthy (son of the late Frigyes Karinthy, author of *Journey Round my Skull*), for years an indoctrinated Communist, ventured to write first a newspaper report, and then a play, implying criticism of the régime's handling of family life and sex. This and similar plays by both Hungarian and Western authors were such a success that the performance of Soviet and other Socialist Realist plays became psychologically impossible. In the process of de-Stalinisation, the classic *Man's Tragedy* by Madách (formerly denounced as a "pessimistic" play) was readmitted to the stage; and on the eve of the Revolution, the theatre became so liberal as to produce *Galilei*, with its implicit indictment of the political police as successors to the Inquisition, and to start rehearsals of *The Truth of Gáspár Varró*, which was said to touch on even more delicate subjects. The author of *Galilei* was László Németh, an unrepentant non-Communist, which was bad; the author of *Gáspár Varró* was Gyula Hay, a Communist repenting his past, which was worse.

Worst of all was Tibor Déry. He is a master of Hungarian prose, somewhat unbalanced as a writer, but a most intriguing personality. He is now in his mid-sixties. Like his younger friend the late Attila József, and his older friend Lajos Kassák, leader of the *avant garde* of the early twenties, he had once been devoted to Communism; but unlike the other two, he had professed to remain faithful to it, at least until recently. True, his Communism was somewhat unorthodox. He translated into Hungarian Gide's *Retour de*

published an interview with Hungarian writers by François Bondy; and ENCOUNTER an essay by Peter Wiles on "Two Wandering Satellites" (Poland and Hungary), containing some points relevant to my theme. Of my own writings, "Le sens de l'insurrection" (*France-Observateur*, January 1957), "L'Unité nationale hongroise" (*Preuves*, February 1957), "Le Révolution hongroise" (*Esprit*, March 1957) may be worth consulting. A White Book on the Revolution is now being compiled by Melvin Lasky, under the auspices of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

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l'URSS, the book decried by Moscow as Trotskyist and reactionary; and on that account was sentenced under the Horthy régime (with a stupidity characteristic of its officials) to six months' imprisonment "for praise of the Soviet Union." His style was somewhat surrealistic and somewhat Proustian. After the war, he accepted the mantle of leading Party novelist and made some efforts towards Socialist Realism. Up to a point this actually corresponded with the evolution of his own gifts: he tended to write more simply and to be interested in subjects of wider human interest as he matured. But at the same time I believe he made some real concessions, for instance in his great trilogy *Felelet* ("Answer"), of which two novels only appeared. The reason why the third never appeared, and has not even been written, is that Déry's concessions were not after all deemed sufficient. József Révai and Márton Horváth started a campaign against him because he dared to put some Communists in an unfavourable light and to suggest that the rich and the anti-Communists might also be human beings.

At the memorable meeting of the Petöfi Club, rallying point of the Hungarian Communist undergraduates, which is often named as the moment when the Hungarian revolution really started, Déry declared, his deep and sonorous voice almost choked by tears: "I am a writer and cannot see people suffer without saying so." The Party expelled him shortly after. He was one of the three who received the greatest number of votes at the election of the new Council of the Writers' Association. The other two were: the very gifted poet László Benjámin, also a brave and enthusiastic anti-Stalinist among the Party members; and Gyula Illyés, possibly the most important writer in Hungary today, more moderate in both his previous pro-Communism and his subsequent anti-Stalinism than Déry or Benjámin, and perhaps for that very reason a most suitable representative of writers who want to serve the interests of the people but refuse to be told how to do it.

The Writers' Association at the moment functioned as the real parliament of a country where the official parliament had degenerated into a pathetic gathering of yes-men. At the election of the Council, all supporters of the Rákosi régime lost their seats, including the leading Soviet-Hungarian writer Bela Illés and the then Minister of Education József Darvas; the most violent Stalinist and former President of the Association, Sándor Gergely, was not even nominated. All those elected were either Communists in the vanguard of the fight against Rákosi's dictatorship, or non-Communists, some of them imprisoned, persecuted, or banned by the Rákosi government. It was their attitude which gave the green light to the Hungarian masses.

And their attitude is a standing challenge to the Quislings in Hungary today. Some writers are now imprisoned—we do not know exactly how many; and all are threatened with imprisonment, shadowed by the cars of the political police, blackmailed, bribed, and intimidated by the authorities. Following the Stalinist pattern, it is chiefly the ex-Communists or deviating Communists who are persecuted, and, following Rákosi's pattern, preferably the Jews and converted Jews. The distinguished philosopher Professor George Lukács and the journalists Géza Lossonczy and Sándor Haraszti (Lukács and Lossonczy were ministers in Imre Nagy's cabinet) were deported like Nagy by the Russians when leaving the Yugoslav embassy, although Lukács had been very temperate in his criticism of the Rákosi régime.

The resistance of the writers was crushed like that of the nation. But it brought both economic and moral catastrophe on those who crushed it. As for the writers, I am sure they do not, even in their present predicament, regret the acts which led to their glorious defeat. They achieved the utmost that a writer can dream of: their words, prompted by the desire to tell the truth in their own way, were echoed by the masses; and their present silence is echoed even more loudly.

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The Fuss about Eggheads

THERE are two popular impressions about the situation of the intellectual in the United States, both diligently fostered by American intellectuals themselves. One is that the intellectuals are rather looked down on by the bulk of the American people, and especially by the business and political élites. The second is that, in America, intellectuals as a class are casually used as scapegoats by a large group of "anti-intellectuals." Just how true are these impressions?

In 1947, the National Opinion Research Centre conducted a national survey based on a random sample of the population to find out how the public ranked in various occupations. People were asked to tell "your personal opinion of the general standing" that each job had. They could rate a job as having "excellent standing," "good standing," "average standing," "somewhat below average standing," or "poor standing." A scale was then made up which "theoretically allowed a maximum of 100 points for any job receiving only 'excellent' ratings, and a minimum of 20 points for work that was unanimously rated as 'poor.'"

The results are unexpected, as the following table reveals:

Rating of Selected Occupations by a Random Sample of the American Population

U.S. Supreme Court Justice	96
Physician	93
State Governor	93
Cabinet Member in Federal Government	92
College Professor	89
United States Representative in Congress	89
Banker	88
County Judge	87
Architect	86
Dentist	86
Member of the Board of Directors of a large Corporation	86
Artist who paints pictures to exhibit in a picture gallery	83
Owner of a factory that employs about 100 people	82
Musician in a symphony orchestra	81
Author of novels	81
Captain in the Regular Army	80
Official of an international labour union	75
Radio announcer	75
Newspaper columnist	74
Reporter on a daily newspaper	71
Policeman	67
Railroad conductor	67
Truck driver	54
Singer in a night club	52
Bartender	44
Garbage collector	35

The picture presented by these results hardly adds up to one of low esteem for intellectual occupations. A college professor ranks higher than any other non-political figure except a physician. Artists, musicians in a symphony orchestra, and authors rank almost as high. Essentially, of course, differences in ranking of a few points cannot be considered significant or reliable. Thus, this table would suggest that those in the "intellectual" occupations have about the same prestige in America as do important businessmen, bankers, and corporation directors.*

The question naturally presents itself: why then do American intellectuals *feel* that they are looked down upon?

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* It is interesting to note that studies made in different countries and at different times indicate that the prestige of occupations is everywhere similar. Two American sociologists, Alex Inkeles and Peter Rossi, have compared the results of studies completed in Japan, Great Britain, the United States, Denmark, Australia, and among a sample of Russian "defectors," and they conclude that occupations receive approximately the same rank in each country! Two comparable American studies of the prestige of twenty-five occupations, one completed in the mid-twenties and the other in 1947, find almost identical rankings at both times. Essentially all these studies indicate that occupations which require high levels of educational attainment (intellectuals and professionals) or which convey considerable power (business élite and politics) are ranked high everywhere.

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IN LARGE measure, the feelings of inferiority among American intellectuals result from using the situation of European intellectuals as a point of reference and comparison. As anyone who has participated in discussions of the rôle of the intellectual in America can probably testify from his own experience, someone will always bring up the fact that in England or Germany or France or Italy a professor, writer, painter, or composer *really* counts. *There* one is given recognition by the public and by members of the economic and political élites.

Now, there certainly is a difference between European and American attitudes toward intellectuals. It is, in fact, the difference between a *Ständestaat* and an egalitarian society. In Europe, men give deference to *all* those with a higher status. In America, overt deference is not given to *anyone* to any extent near the degree that occurs in Europe.

Within most European factories, there are rigid status lines drawn among occupations. I have heard American workers and engineers, temporarily employed in Europe, complain about the "silly" differences between social relations in these factories and our own. One oil refinery foreman working in Belgium once told me that he was in charge of a company Volkswagen bus, and after realising that most workers on the project—which was outside the city—bicycled to work, invited a number of workers to travel with him in the bus. He asked both manual and white-collar workers. After the first day, the white-collar workers came to him and said they could not ride in a car with manual workers, and that he should realise this was not the custom in Belgium.

Similarly, a German socialist professor told me of the difficulty sometimes experienced because of the use in German of two forms of "You," *Sie* and *du* (familiar). The latter is only supposed to be used among intimates and status equals, but the Social-Democratic party decades ago institutionalised the *du* form among party comrades. Workers who do not know each other will use it immediately at a party meeting, but when faced with a Herr Professor Doktor will become embarrassed and attempt to avoid using any form.

Intellectuals do receive more overt deference in Europe; but so do all high status positions. What many American intellectuals fail to see is that they are objecting to the egalitarian value system of America, rather than to the lower status of the intellectual in America. In the United States, a worker will correct the judgment of engineers, and his son attending university will "tell off" his teacher if he disagrees with him. American engineers and employers take the American code of behaviour for granted, but the intellectuals, who think in European terms, object to it.

AMERICAN and European intellectuals also object to the popularity and influence of mass culture in America. Many European intellectuals have viewed with alarm the considerable increase in their own countries of popular cultural patterns which they associate with "the American way of life." But the more sophisticated among them have seen that the new cultural patterns reflect, not a mere American influence, but rather the fact that Europe is becoming more like America in its economic and class structure. The lower classes for the first time have enough money and leisure to make their demands in the culture-market effective.

In Europe, the intellectual élite wants also to be the power élite in matters of culture. This can be seen most clearly in radio. In many countries, the government radio controlled by intellectuals self-consciously does *not* give the people what they want. Some of the first studies of popular radio taste were made in Vienna before the Dolfuss régime. They indicated that the bulk of the population did not like the high cultural level maintained by the radio. These studies were deliberately suppressed, because the controlling (socialist) élite felt it knew what was best for the people. An employee of the Norwegian state radio told me, in 1950, that the directors refused to organise surveys of radio listening and preference, because they were certain such studies would show that the public did not like the rather high cultural level of the programmes. The BBC research department estimates that only some fifty thousand people listen regularly to the Third Programme.

Gertrude Himmelfarb, in a brilliant article in *Twentieth Century* a few years ago, pointed out that the leftist intellectual élite of Great Britain wants popular control of government and of the economy, but objects to popular control of culture. Now, it is obvious that popular control of culture in any political sense would raise serious problems. But it is necessary to recognise that the dominance of élites in one area of life is related to dominance in others. The more democratic and egalitarian a society, the more "mass culture" there will be. Thus, one of the consequences (perhaps temporary, perhaps not) of democracy is a lowering of overall levels of taste. But here again, the intellectual must choose: does he want a *Ständestaat* or social equality?

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A THIRD factor contributing to the self-image of the American intellectual is his seeming isolation from other sections of the élite, especially the political, and his lack of direct contact with political power, as compared with intellectuals in Europe. Here I feel that the impression corresponds to the facts *on a statistical level*. The average American intellectual has less direct contact with political power, and the men who yield this power, than does the average European intellectual. But why does this occur? One major reason is quite simply that there are in absolute terms more intellectuals in America than in any other country. This element of number can be all important. For example, in 1929, all *ten* Professors of Economics in Australia met and told the government that they believed going off the gold standard would be disastrous for the country. The Labour government did not like this but felt it should not move against "the experts." In the United States, there are far too many experts for them to have such a unified corporate influence. There are over 1,500 colleges and universities in the U.S. In greater New York alone, there are over 15,000 persons employed in teaching positions in about forty institutions of higher learning. The Boston area has about 9,000 college and university teachers, 3,000 of whom are on the Harvard faculty. The Northern Californian area centring around San Francisco has 14,000. And as the *Times Literary Supplement* pointed out in its issue on American writing, there are well over 100 literary magazines in the United States as compared to less than a handful in Great Britain.

The sheer quantity of intellectuals available in the metropolitan centres, plus the size of the country, means that there is much less mingling across lines of specialisation in America than in most other countries. Academicians in large cities often only know well people in their own field, and one can testify from direct experience that there is not much intermingling among people in the same speciality even in different universities in the same community. Conversely, in countries with smaller intellectual élites, there is necessarily much more intermingling. In Canada, for example, the leading figures of many fields, in a city like Toronto, know each other since there is only a small group in each. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation makes use of a large proportion of Canadian intellectuals. Government bureaux and politicians consult a fair proportion of the existing social science specialists in the country. After I taught at the University of Toronto for a short while, I was offered the position of research director and general consultant to the official opposition in the Ontario legislature!

The government of the United States, even when the Republicans are in office, does employ and consult professors and other intellectuals. But, clearly, the great majority (over ninety per cent) must always be left out of the picture. I would hazard the guess that as many if not more professors and other intellectuals are employed and consulted at high levels by American federal and state governments as in most European countries;* it is only when the comparison is made in terms of proportion of intellectuals that America is much lower—there are just so many more of them.

ONE further factor which contributes to the self-image of American intellectuals, especially professors, is their income as compared with businessmen and independent professionals. Here the argument goes: people are paid according to their worth, and the fact of lower pay suggests that one is also lowly valued. This thesis ignores the fact that there are two income structures in modern Western societies, the private and public one. Position in the latter is everywhere more poorly paid than in the former. A United States Supreme Court Justice who stands at the peak of his profession earns considerably less than many corporation lawyers in private practice. Eisenhower's cabinet ministers had to take considerable cuts in salary when they left private employment. In fact, the leading professors at major American universities do earn salaries which compare favourably with those paid for other high-level posts in the *public* sector of the economy. (And many of them earn considerable additional stipends in consulting fees from corporations and government, or in fees for articles, lectures, and books.) The professor who complains that he could earn much more in private industry does not recognise that this very fact disproves the thesis that his talents are undervalued. Rather he, like the lawyer who has chosen to be a judge or politician rather

* Even on the level of party politics, intellectuals do not do too badly. There are five former academicians (Douglas, Humphrey, Fulbright, Morse, and Mansfield) in the U.S. Senate. A professional writer, Richard Neuberger, was the first Democrat to win election from Oregon to the Senate in over forty years. And it was a Michigan State professor who in 1954 defeated Kit Clardy, one of McCarthy's leading supporters, in the Lansing Congressional district. The ability of American intellectuals to win office is especially impressive since the American electoral and party system makes it difficult for men to get party nominations unless they come up the machine-politics road and have the backing of the local party officials.

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than a corporation counsel, has indicated that the non-economic rewards of these jobs outweigh monetary gain.

THE actual status and power of American intellectuals has little to do with the existence of anti-intellectualism in American society. There is no doubt that McCarthy and others have repeatedly attempted to use the intellectuals as scapegoats, or have attacked individual opponents for being intellectuals. And everyone is familiar with the charge so often made by American businessmen that professors or other intellectuals have never met a payroll, or that they are impractical idealists. One also recalls that British socialists were attacked for following the theories of the impractical Fabian intellectuals, and that the German Right has always been hostile to *Kathedersozialismus*. There is, however, one important difference between the United States and much of Europe. Until recently, we did not have any conservative intellectuals. The dominant coloration of the social science academicians, of most of the significant literary figures, of the intellectual journals of opinion, has always been on the left of the political spectrum. Thus, anti-intellectualism has been a natural weapon of the conservatives.

What most intellectuals, in their indignation at being attacked, refuse to recognise is that *some* of the conservative charges are true. It is not false, but true, that a "disproportionate" section of American intellectuals, both academic and literary, have been on the left, politically. Professor Paul Lazarsfeld's data, based on a random sample of all academic social scientists in the country, reveal that three-quarters are Democrats and two-thirds voted for Stevenson in 1952. One survey of a national sample of librarians, conducted in 1948, indicated that not less than twenty per cent backed the Progressive Henry Wallace, the Socialist Norman Thomas, or the Communist Earl Browder (who was on the sample ballot, but did not run). Studies of the élite corps of journalists, that is, the Washington and foreign correspondents, indicate that the majority of them are Democrats, and that during the depression a small but significant minority were Socialists. In general, a wide variety of surveys of the attitudes and political affiliations of writers, persons in the arts, journalists, librarians, and professors in the humanities and social sciences, agree that these groups have given more support to the Democratic party, and to small left-wing parties, than any other stratum.

One interesting indicator of the philosophy of the academic community may be found in the consumer's co-operative movement. Co-op stores in the United States are largely limited to two groups, the farmers and the professors. There are almost no urban co-operatives outside of academic communities. Palo Alto (Stanford University) and Berkeley (University of California) have large co-op stores, but efforts to maintain such stores in metropolitan San Francisco have repeatedly failed or, at best, were pitiful successes. Ithaca (Cornell University), Hanover (Dartmouth College), the Morningside Heights–Columbia University area, the Hyde Park–University of Chicago area—all have flourishing co-operatives. These stores exist in spite of the fact that they cannot really save their customers' money as compared with the chains, and in fact often cost more. What they do reflect is the academic community's hostility to the profit system.

The political bent of the American intellectual happens to be a fact, whether one shares it (as I myself do, more or less) or detests it. Whatever the reasons for this fact, is it doing violence to the situation to suggest that the right-wing groups are attacking a real enemy when they criticise the intellectual community? The attack by the right on the political rôle of the intellectual community is, after all, comparable to the attack by the left on the propensity of corporations or wealthy individuals to contribute money to conservative political groups. It is one thing to assert one's right to engage in politics, it is another to claim the privilege of not being criticised for such participation. Any visible social group which wants to participate in the political struggle must be willing to take the consequences, one of which will be—in the present circumstances—criticism of themselves as a class. This is as true of the military, for example, as it is of intellectuals: just as soon as a general enters politics, he must be prepared to hear that the intervention of the military in politics is bad, or even that it can lead to dictatorship.

THE attack in America against specific segments of the academic community has rarely been "anti-intellectualism" pure and simple, but has been against the *opinions* of the group. Thus, in the late 19th and early 20th century, economists openly critical of the capitalist system were liable to lose their jobs or have difficulty getting promoted. At the same time, however, when the Populists' movement was successful in various States, they fired from the State universities economists who approved of the gold standard. When the intellectuals are on the side of the Labour movement, the unions

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and their leaders accept them; when they oppose them, they are "bourgeois" or "middle-class" intellectuals who are starry-eyed or impractical theorists.*

The same point may be illustrated with regard to the State Department and the diplomatic service. During the 1930's, liberal journals and leaders were incensed about the "fascists" in the State Department. The readers of the *Nation* and the *New Republic* learned week after week how the "reactionary" and "fascist" diplomats were deceiving Roosevelt, and betraying the cause of collective security and Loyalist Spain. As evidence for this charge, many liberals pointed to the fact that these diplomats came from a Groton–Harvard (i.e. "upper-class") background. Ten years later, these same facts—indeed, many of these same diplomats—were pointed to by Senator McCarthy as "evidence" that the State Department had been infiltrated by "left-wingers" who had supported Communism in China.

This whole issue is aggravated by the violent rhetoric of American politics—a violence which too often carries over into deeds.* However, America is what it is, and if one lives there one should have a pretty good idea of what it is. Since the American intellectuals favour liberalism rather than conservatism, they should frankly defend their right to be heard as advocates of a point of view, much as do labour unions and business groups. If a position is unpopular and consequences are to be faced for holding it—well, if one wants to participate in politics, one must face up to the consequences, and not suddenly claim to be above the battle and shriek "anti-intellectualism" whenever the guns are turned in one's direction.

* Attacks on the special views of intellectuals have a long history in America, as Merle Curti has documented in his *American Paradox*. But the length of this history reflects, in large part, the fact that the United States has the longest continuous history of democratic politics and adult suffrage. It is clearly necessary for men in politics to demolish the strength of opposition views, and the very fact that the intellectuals have always claimed that their superior education and intelligence make their views important, tempts those who disagree with them to resort to anti-intellectualism.

* There is one particular aspect of American society which makes the academic community especially vulnerable, and that is the intense American concern for children. Many commentators have suggested that, as compared with other countries, the United States is a child-orientated society. The school system is, of course, the major non-familial institution concerned with the child. Consequently, charges that children are being "corrupted" will meet a more attentive hearing than almost any others.

Seymour Martin Lipset

The Return

Still marvelling at the light,
Impersonal, on the mountain peaks, a halcyon
Glow; it strains to me,
To the last intimacy.

Then, quick to seize on intuition,
I thought I knew; now I know
I do not know. Time has refracted
Ineluctable meanings.

Now, the sight is more satisfactory.
Decades make us mountainous.
Life did not know what time could do.
My long light streams out to you.

Richard Eberhart

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David Sylvester

In Camera

MEN seated alone, wearing the vestments of a pope, or a dark suit and a white collar and the air of a politician or an executive: "men of distinction"; father-figures.

There are some to whom it is happening now, some who will be taken unawares, some who want to be ravished by disaster, some who struggle to push it away, some who wait and dream about their wreck, and some who are obsessed simply with holding themselves together.

Settings which are luxurious and simple: lush velvet curtains and a gilded armchair. Like prison-cells for highborn traitors.

One sits awkwardly on a bed as if in a hotel-room where there is nowhere else to sit. Others are confined in a glass case in the middle of a space as vast as a cathedral's.

A seated pope the hem of whose white robe is bespattered with blood—reminiscence of an assassination when it bespattered the wedding-dress.

Privacy invaded, and the shadows of invisible observers thrown across the foreground.

Somebody seen in a fleeting moment in a world without clocks.

Their most usual grimace is a scream, or resembles a scream. Sometimes it seems likelier that they are laughing or shouting or raving or roaring, at other times certain that they are screaming, or trying to scream. It is still not certain whether a sound is actually uttered, and, if it is, whether it can be heard outside.

It is also possible that their mouths are open because they are trying to breathe.

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Gestures like those of deaf mutes when they are talking among themselves: sudden, startling gestures which seem peculiarly emphatic, yet leave us wondering what they are about. Gestures, therefore, which confirm the isolation of those who make them. Not least because our instinct is to feel vaguely threatened by them.

When a figure is seen shouting or gesturing like a politician making a speech, we do not feel he is communicating with attentive multitudes but rather that we have caught him rehearsing his performance, sometimes under the delusion that it is the performance.

Men behaving as if they thought they were alone. Men behaving as if they thought they were not alone.

One of the popes is alone with a tasselled golden cord hanging from the ceiling. His right arm is raised, and bared to the elbow. He seems to have been amusing himself by making the cord swing to and fro like a pendulum.

Then there are those who have given up the pretence. These are discovered without clothes on, bent double like embryos in the performance of gymnastic rites, or pulling aside the curtains in order to get out, or squatting or crawling in jungle grass. They are often on view in this kind of vegetation in a glass case or cage.

When, which is rare, there is not one figure but two, the figures are naked and coupled, mounted on a bed, or dissolving in the tangled grass, or upright at a window. Relevance of the expression, having someone. And of the archaic I die.

A TRYPTYCH of heads forming a sort of tragic strip culminates in an image of a "broken" man. But what conveys his absolute defeat? Something more than the bowed head on the pillow, the hunching of the shoulders, the wailing mouth, the hand lifted in grief, something more than the conventional miming of despair. It is how the paint is smeared across the features of the face.

The smearing means disintegration: the face is already "food for worms", the skull seen now "beneath the skin".

The smearing means destruction: the face is wounded, shattered.

The smearing means obliteration: the face is obscured by the lifted hand, and the hand may be lifted in pain, or to ward off an attack, or to claw at nose and mouth and eyes as if in an effort to wipe them away, to rub out an identity.

The smearing means all this, but what these meanings involve conveys itself before there has been time to become aware of meanings. The meanings, all of them, lie in the paint, and they are in the paint not latently but in the impact of the paint upon our senses, on our nerves.

Nothing in these paintings is more eloquent than the paint itself.

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Paint that brings flesh into being and at the same time dissolves it. Paint whose fluidity conveys the fluidity of all it conveys.

And the vast empty spaces are like the silences of a great actor.

The paint is put on calmly, without violence or frenzy, for all the speed and spontaneity of execution. When Bacon is painting, his most characteristic gesture with the brush is a flick of the wrist made at arm's length. Clearly he wants to distance himself from what he is painting, not to violate it. He detaches himself from his subject, declines to say where his sympathies lie, to impose his comment on the world he is making, and unmaking.

VIOLENCE threatened, implied, remembered, but never actual violence. Many of the heads are modelled on the head of the screaming nurse in *Potemkin*. From this image Bacon takes the scream—silent echo of the tragic screams of Œdipus and Laocoön—and often the pince-nez—a mask. But he never reproduces the bullet-hole or the blood running down the face.

It is the portrait that concerns him, not the event: he does not show what happens, but to whom it happens. The facts of the disaster are withheld.

REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS BY FRANCIS BACON

Plate I. Three Studies of the human head (detail of the third panel). 1953. Coll.: K. J. Hewett, Esq., London. Photo: Underwood, London.

Plate II. Study after Velasquez. 1951. Destroyed. Photo: Photo Studios, London.

Plate III. Study for a portrait. 1953–1955. Coll.: Hanover Gallery, London. Photo: Dumage, Paris.

Plate IV. Study from the human figure. 1954. Coll.: Anthony Denney, Esq., London. Photo: Dumage, Paris.

Cover. Study after the life-mask of Blake (detail). 1955. Coll.: Mr. James Thrall Soby, New Canaan, Conn. Photo: Underwood, London.

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Angus Maude

Why is Gambling?

ONE of the most depressing sights in America is the Old Ladies of Las Vegas. No one who has been there can forget them. Charming as some of them are, they leave a total impression as disturbingly unpleasant as the *tricoteuses* around the guillotine. They certainly appear to refute the popular belief that gambling is fun. In the Golden Nugget, the Horseshoe Club, or any of the downtown gambling saloons of Las Vegas, you have only to walk to the end where the rows of slot machines stand to enter a kind of Hell. The racket (in both senses of the word) is appalling. Row upon row of "one-armed bandits" stand clanking and whirring as the old ladies hurl themselves on them. With a bag of coins in one hand and the other on the lever, glazed eyes fixed hypnotically on the dials, they feed and pump the machines until their cash gives out. Not daring to leave the machine she is working, in case someone else secures the jackpot that must soon be due, each woman in turn shrieks to the change-girl to come to her with another dollar's worth of nickels—or dimes, or even quarters.

The slot machines make fortunes for their owners, and the old ladies probably know it. Most proprietors are said to set the machines to return about twenty cents out of each dollar that goes in, and a short experience of playing them is enough to show that the odds cannot be much better than this. Why, then, do they do it? If it comes to that, why does anyone gamble? It is, of course, obvious that to nearly everyone the subjective probability of winning is far higher than the mathematical probability that he will in fact be successful. Tell a man that the mathematical odds against his ticket winning a particular lottery are a million to one, and he will generally point out that his ticket has exactly the same chance of winning as any other ticket. Often he appears to think that this makes it practically an even-money bet. Explain to him that the odds against him winning £75,000 in a football pool may be anything from five to 700 million to one, and he replies that quite ordinary people do in fact win £75,000, and why shouldn't he?

Most gamblers allege that gambling is a "natural human instinct," like sex—and equally incapable of being suppressed by law. Yet while it is true that there are inveterate gamesters who pursue their passion with all the abandoned ardour of a nymphomaniac, it is also a fact that there are many people in whom the urge to gamble is more totally lacking than is the sexual impulse in anyone I have ever met. If it were possible to discern in such people a substitute urge, it might make it easier to define or explain the gambling impulse in others.

Unfortunately, this is not easy. It is no doubt true that the majority of those who are never tempted to gamble are people in whom the temptation to take risks is countered by the stability of their circumstances.

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Having no need to make any more money by irregular means, they see no point in risking what they have. Yet stability and certainty, which might be thought to inhibit the taking of unnecessary risks, sometimes produce the opposite result. Many men have inherited large fortunes and suffered from a compulsive urge to risk them at play. The history of the late 18th and early 19th centuries is full of gamblers who did in fact lose their entire estates. Not all of them were as fortunate as Lord Robert Spencer, who rose from ruin by setting up a Faro bank at Brooks's on borrowed money and in partnership with Charles James Fox and a General. He retired from this enterprise with £100,000 as his share of the profits, and never gambled again. Nearer our own time, Count Potocki lost twenty-five million kronen to one Nicholas Szemere in an all-night game of *vingt-et-un* at the Jockey Club of Vienna just before the First World War; and about twenty-five years ago, in a battle of industrial tycoons at Monte Carlo, M. Renault won sixteen million francs from M. Meunier at baccarat.

IF, THEN, the possession of wealth does not inhibit the gambling itch, and there is no recognisable substitute urge common to non-gamblers, it would appear that the propensity to gamble is no more than a reflection of the propensity to take risks, whose infinite gradations between men of different character can be seen in every sphere from commerce to the driving of motor cars. One man desires stability and certainty in his affairs, and will tend to seek the safe, pensionable job and the gilt-edged investment; another will prefer to take risks, sometimes even without the incentive of a larger reward. But it is necessary to distinguish between the risk taken for monetary gain and that taken primarily or partly for the excitement involved in the gamble. Indeed, there seem to be four types of gambler, differing in character, motives, and activities.

The regular investors in large football pools are scarcely gamblers at all. The Royal Commission on Betting secured evidence that the average amount staked weekly on football pools by individuals is somewhere between 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., while total stakes exceeding 10s. are extremely rare. It appears, too, that more than half of the aggregate weekly investment goes into the Treble Chance and Penny Points pools, where the prizes are largest. From this it may be deduced that most of the addicts are not gambling in the strict sense at all. They are, moreover, probably getting no very great kick out of the process, and are oblivious of the odds against their winning. Their pleasure comes from keeping alive the perpetual daydream of winning £75,000, of being able to contract out of the dispiriting business of earning a modest living. It is this that so powerfully moves the moral reformers. Failing to prove that gambling in Britain is ruinously on the increase (since the volume is actually declining), unable to convince the Royal Commission that betting is responsible for more than a minute proportion of the country's crime, they are thrown back on the argument that the desire to "get something for nothing" is contrary to Christian teaching and disastrous in its effects on society and on individual character. Whether or not the theological argument is a good one, it is very difficult to believe that the average modest weekly stake has any profound effect either on the character of the individual or on his attitude towards his work. He does not think of himself as gambling. He is paying a kind of inverted insurance premium against boredom.

There is a fairly large class of punters who are certainly gamblers, although few of them have the compulsive urge of the true gamester. Apart from the enormous number of people whose betting consists of little more than a few shillings on each year's Derby, the Royal Commission thought that as many as four million people bet fairly regularly with off-the-course bookmakers. These no doubt vary from those who place about one bet a week or month to people regularly placing two or three bets a day. Ignoring for the moment the professional backers, who form a separate class, it is safe to make certain generalisations about these punters. They are doing it in the hope of making money, but

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they enjoy the excitement and suspense as well. Many of them share the happy day-dream of the football pool addict. A bet of three thousand to one on two outsiders in the Autumn Double, or a terrific six-horse accumulator on some dubious handicappers at Bogside, can set a man to dreaming dreams and eyeing Rolls Royces with more than a passing interest. With some the dream never fades, nor does the hope grow dim, although it must be admitted that the horses never win either.

The economics, as well as the psychology, of this kind of gambling are a little more obscure than is sometimes thought. For one thing, you very seldom meet anyone who will admit that he always loses money on balance in every season of regular betting. Yet it is mathematically certain that the overwhelming majority of punters do come out on the wrong side; the simplest proof is to be found in the number of prosperous bookmakers. Even if every punter had average luck and skill, they would all be down on balance, because the bookmakers calculate their odds to cover their expenses and make themselves a profit. In fact, the dice are even more heavily loaded against the backer, for the simple reason that the bookmaker can afford to weather a long losing sequence and very few punters can. That is why the bank always wins over a period at roulette, and would probably still do so even if the wheel had no Zero to ensure a clean-up for the bank every three dozen coups or so. (In Las Vegas the wheels have two Zeros, on the principle that a sucker doesn't deserve anything like an even break.) But the horse-player and the roulette player are brothers in adversity, for none but the richest can afford to stand against a long run of losses. This is where the systems always break down, whether they involve doubling stakes, adding and subtracting, following favourites, jockeys, or tipsters, or backing all the Ascot winners next time out. Sooner or later, you get in too deep and you have to stop. Then the change of luck, which would have brought you back to somewhere near all-square, happens while you are broke. Skill for skill, the rich punter with courage will tend to do better than the poor man, even if he does no more than come out level on the season. In which case, of course, it makes no difference whether he is betting in half-crowns or hundreds of pounds. The Royal Commission were told of a man whose total stakes in nine months were more than £120,000, and who was about £800 up at the end of it.

THE anti-gambling reformers might change their tactics. Instead of inveighing against the moral and social evils of gambling, larding their sermons with inaccurate or grossly misleading statistics and trying to persuade Parliament to prohibit it, why do they not undertake a quiet, persistent, and scrupulously accurate campaign of factual publicity designed to demonstrate to the punter that he cannot win? It would not stop gambling, but it would considerably reduce it in the long run and it might teach a few horse-players some sense. It would no doubt be difficult to secure space in the Press for advertisements showing mathematically what happens to backers who consistently follow the advice of newspaper tipsters, but perhaps this could be done through other media. It may be, of course, that some people could never be persuaded of the elementary truth that touts and private tipsters would not be bothering to sell their information if it were possible to make a living by backing their own tips. But a published random sample of some of their results might have an effect. It is also easy to demonstrate the unhappy consequences of following systems: for example, there were only two months during the whole of last year's flat racing season in which backing favourites showed a profit, and over the season they showed a loss of £173 on a level £1 stake.

Perhaps nothing so clearly demonstrates the sad incompetence of the average punter as a study of the professional gambler who does make money out of betting. He belongs to a separate class of experts, and is really no more of a gambler than the stockjobber. He is in business, and he works to finely calculated margins; not for him the outside chance

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or the inspired tip. He is of the same fellowship as the expert bridge player, who knows that in the long run, whatever the cards may do from month to month, his skill will always bring him out on the right side—provided his capital is adequate. The professional horse-player may be a "percentage gambler," that is to say a mathematician who wagers only when the odds give him just that "edge" which is to him what the "turn" is to the stockjobber. Or he may be a skilled handicapper of horses, in which case he is probably quite a remarkable character. He must be prepared to trust entirely to his own skill, and to pursue his studies with the lonely concentration of a monk. He must possess enormous self-restraint, wagering perhaps on only one race in ten. He will seldom bet on a handicap race, and practically never on a small race run by bad and inconsistent horses. Every now and again he will beat the book with a winner at a good price, but for the most part he relies on a regular succession of careful bets at short odds. Occasionally he will make an early selection in a big race, back it in the ante-post market at long odds and lay the bet off as the price shortens, thus ensuring himself either a certain profit whatever wins or at least a free bet on his own selection.

To the student of psychology he is no doubt rather a dull subject, being for the most part eminently sane and balanced. He has to be, to survive. There is nothing romantic about this type of gambler; he is neither hilarious in success nor suicidal in adversity. He may bite his lip with chagrin when he sees a good selection beaten on the post, but he will return calmly enough to the form book for the next day's work. He has little in common with the Neapolitan gamester who is reported to have bitten the table with such violence that his teeth remained embedded in it till he died.

THIS last class of gambler is the most fascinating of all. He may bet, often ruinously, on horses, in which case he will nearly always insist on going to see the race run; but essentially he is addicted to the true forms of *gaming*. He is drawn compulsively to the games of pure chance, such as dice or roulette, and to those (like baccarat) in which pure chance is only very slightly mitigated by an element of judgment. If he is rich and blessed with reasonable self-control, he may survive many years and not lose a fabulous amount on balance. If he is neither, he will usually be insolvent and will spend most of his life between a fool's paradise and a very special private hell of his own making. "I am living, of course," says Alexei Ivanovitch in Dostoevsky's *The Gambler*, "in continual anxiety. I play for the tiniest stakes, and I keep waiting for something, calculating, standing for whole days at the gambling table and watching the play; I even dream of playing—but I feel that in all this I have, as it were, grown stiff and wooden, as though I had sunk into a muddy swamp." There are few spectacles so pitiful as the small-time gaming addict, as Dostoevsky (having been one) knew. He is very often a hysteric, and possibly susceptible to psychiatric treatment.

But the great gambler is a man of character—unbalanced, perhaps, but with something splendid about him. He is the perfect adventurer, and in wartime frequently distinguishes himself by acts of extraordinary gallantry. He has something of the temperament that makes men become racing drivers and trust their lives to what is sometimes almost pure chance. Very often he is rich, but he cannot bear to leave all his money quietly in land or securities; he must break out from time to time and take a risk—preferably risking enough for the prospect of loss to be decidedly uncomfortable. This, incidentally, has become very difficult for most Englishmen to do, since gaming is illegal here and it is almost impossible to take large sums of foreign currency to casinos overseas. Charles James Fox, if he were alive today, would no doubt contrive to manage somehow, but he would find it a pretty tedious business if he kept within the law. The Treasury has done more than ever the moral reformers did to keep the wealthy gamester from ruin, just as once the clubs and "hells" of St. James's did more to break up great

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estates and redistribute property than death duties and surtax do now. In a letter of February 23rd, 1755, Horace Walpole tells the following tale:

"*The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flirted away his whole fortune at hazard. He, t'other night, exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having, at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it), lost two and thirty thousand pounds. The citizens put on their double channeled pumps, and trudge to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgments executed on White's—angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice boxes.... Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who, at present, has nothing but a few debts and his commission.*"

But Captain Scott had something else beside; he had the seeds of greatness in him. He lived to become a General, and the father-in-law of George Canning and the fourth Duke of Portland. Something of this heredity was no doubt to be found in his grandson Lord George Bentinck, who did more than any other man to clean up the English Turf. General Scott, according to Gronow's *Reminiscences*, won no less than £200,000 at White's, "thanks to his notorious sobriety and knowledge of the game of whist. The General possessed a great advantage over his companions by avoiding those indulgences at the table, which used to muddle other men's brains. He confined himself to dining off something like a boiled chicken, with toast and water; by such a regimen he came to the whist table with a clear head, and possessing, as he did, a remarkable memory, with great coolness and judgment, he was able, honestly, to win the enormous sum of £200,000." Of this his daughter Mrs. Canning, who after her husband's death was elevated to the peerage in her own right, received £100,000 as a dowry.

CLEARLY General Scott was something of an exception to prove the rule. He ceased to be a gamester, and became an expert professional gambler. The gamesters of his day, though for the most part honest, were far from abstemious and seldom stuck to games of skill. The deepest play was at hazard, the ancestor of the American crap game which flourishes at Las Vegas and Reno—and no doubt at thousands of illegal "spielers" outside the tolerant State of Nevada. For it is the throw of the dice, like the spin of the roulette, that "gets" most true gamesters, although there are some who prefer the concentration of baccarat or *chemin-de-fer*.

The rattle of the dice, the click of the white ball, the turn of the card in a big coup—these provide for some men a sensation almost sexual. You have only to watch their faces and listen to the sound of their breathing, or their voices after they have won. Dostoevsky knew it all. "I felt," says Alexei Ivanovitch, "that at the moment my arms and legs were trembling, there was a throbbing in my head." And again, "I was possessed by an intense craving for risk. Perhaps passing through so many sensations my soul was not satisfied but only irritated by them and craved still more sensation—and stronger and stronger ones—till utterly exhausted."

Freud, in one of those passages that is so repellent precisely because one suspects it may be true, maintains that the gaming passion is a substitute for the compulsion to masturbate, and argues his theory in alarming detail. The pleasure, he asserts, is similar, and it is followed by the same feelings of guilt and remorse. At any rate, the worst cases certainly amount to an addiction as destructive and as hard to cure as the deepest addiction to drugs or liquor. I do not know whether modern psychiatry has devised a cure. Perhaps the psychiatrists might do worse than study the methods of Beau Nash of Bath, to whom a number of addicts went for treatment. One he cured by winning from him his entire fortune and then giving it back (as the dandy Scrope Davies also did to a young man he had ruined in a night's play); another, by making the patient undertake that whenever he lost 10,000 guineas at a single sitting he would pay Nash a like amount.

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Alas, the glory has departed. As Georgian architecture gives way to Subtopia, the great gamblers have been replaced by millions of simple suckers—all bound to lose, and very few of them getting any kick out of it, sexual or otherwise. They are natural prey, not only for the bookmakers and football pool promoters, but for the high-minded people who want to save them from themselves by legislation. History is against the reformers, and a wise Royal Commission has perceived the dangers to personal freedom in the pretensions of the moralists. Briefly and urbanely, the Commission demolished their economics, questioned their sociology, raised an eyebrow at their morality, and recommended that the law should be made to look less of an ass rather than more. Nash, who was a wise and humane man, would have approved of this Report; and even the austere General Scott, reading it over his boiled chicken, might have allowed that there was still hope for us.

"*There are vices at least as epidemic as gaming, and far more pernicious*," said a sage lawyer in 1754. "*This is no time to expect success in projects that have been so often baffled.... What hath the wisdom of the nation effected by its laws, or the fury of the rabble by its clamour?... They had better therefore renounce their opposition to gaming while they can do it with a good grace, and say at once with the great Durandarte:*

" '*Patience! and shuffle the cards.*' "

Poet With Sea Horse

for Robert Graves

THOUGH not apparently, you choose it well,
the hippocamp, with its twirled tail,
its odd body, its well-known nose,
its reputation for staying always upright
in spite of deep waters and turgid seas.

Once, it could enchant the boy you were.
Now, however, your enchantment has grown older,
has weathered the ravages of love, has had
its share of moons and tides. Yet, erect still,
you keep the same features and enquiring head.

Such things stay with us, the bone
shaped oddly, the laugh unerringly our own,
our earliest enchantments. So may you always
ride out, like it, the curling tides, and stay
as rare, as solemn, and as resolutely gay.

Alastair Reid

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The World's Cities (II)

H. J. Kaplan: PARIS

WHAT Haussmann did was hideous, everyone agrees about that. On the island of the Cité, which is the original kernel of Paris, dozens of streets have disappeared and, with them, hundreds of ancient houses which were the last vestiges of the old civil architecture's happy marriage of wood and stone. In the brief space between Notre-Dame and the Palais de Justice—a half-mile at most—the Baron's demolition crews did away with the old Hotel-Dieu, the Archbishopric, the churches Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs, Sainte-Marie-la-Madeleine, Saint-Landry, Saint-Denis-de-la-Chartre, Saint-Barthélemy, Saint-Pierre-des-Arcis, Saint-Eloi, the house of Héloise and Abelard, the Hotel des Ursins, the Marché Neuf—and so forth; the enumeration is too depressing. And similar mayhem was perpetrated in the Latin Quarter, at Saint-Germain-des-Prés, indeed in practically every ancient corner of the city.

Haussmann was interested in straight lines and open spaces, in facilitating movement and discouraging insurrections. He was so lacking in historical piety that a modern urbanist, Héron de Villefosse, can explain him only by reference to his German ancestry, forgetting that the Parisians, Haussmann's contemporaries, made no great protest at what he did. The protest came later, for the most part, and it was justified, for much was lost that did not need to be lost; and much was built in its place which should never have been built. But the strange thing is that the final effect of the Baron's work is entirely in line with an ancient tendency of the Parisians, which is to transform their city into an idea.

The vocation of Paris is self-knowledge, but this is an arduous vocation and the Parisians cannot always bear it in mind. What were they thinking of, for example, when they destroyed the palace of the Tuileries by fire in 1870? Not the urban landscape, surely, but when the smoke lifted and the rubble was cleared away, Paris had a new perspective, in both senses of the word. Parisians are not always aware of these things. They go away, they get lost in their lives, they forget. But then, returning after a prolonged absence, the city's idea is suddenly luminous, manifest, as when we manage to recall an elusive dream.

WHAT was it? After a summer in Spain, say, or New York, the light greyness of the atmosphere, so oddly effulgent, smooths over the parched cracks of skin and soul. It's like a plunge into the cool sea when the body temperature is high: this sudden shock of ease. The city suggests that

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temperateness and wisdom are possible, after all. And yet you are no sooner back than you've been snarled at by tradesmen, ignored by postal clerks, upbraided by red-faced men on buses. The lift doesn't work, nor the hot water, *bref, tout rentre dans l'ordre*, as your concierge says when you've given him the gratification he has so morosely failed to deserve. And that's the whole point. In the subway the newspapers unfurl like hostile banners, there are moments when the city seems to seethe with self-hatred and disgust with the world. The mess in Algeria grows bloody, and since 1936 it's been one damned Algeria after another. Paris has begun to experience these things like a neurosis, each calls its being in question. But upstairs *tout rentre dans l'ordre*, the perspectives swing into place: the white dome of the Sacré-Cœur on top of Montmartre, the great sweep of gilded space looking south to the Invalides, the little pink arch of the Carrousel held high in the arms of the Louvre, whence the landscape rolls forth like tapestry: the Tuileries, the Concorde, the Champs-Elysées, and the Arc de Triomphe. From Philippe Auguste to Napoléon III, by the grace of Pierre Lescot, Le Vau, and Gabriel. *You can see all the way*. And if things fall back into shape, it's because shape is everywhere, of the essence, organising the concierge's moral situation (to which the tip belongs, by a sort of symmetry, whatever the fellow does) just as surely as the spaces and stones of the city. It's all simple, clear, manageable: the Opera, the Bourse, the Central Markets, the students in their Latin Quarter, the artists in their Montparnasse, the deputies in the Palais-Bourbon. And the islands, of course, in the Seine. You can walk from the centre, say the Palais-Royal, to any point of the periphery in less time than it takes to recite the names of the Forty Kings Who Made France. You don't have to crane your neck to see the roof-tops. And you end by remembering that the Parisians—witness a well-known text by Barthélemy L'Anglois, A.D. 1106—have always been celebrated for their gaiety and good temper.

For the rest, the concierge is right, *tout rentre dans l'ordre*, the foreign tourists are leaving, back to their tidy countries where machines work and governments endure. In a few days from when I write, the Autumn Season will begin with a monstrous traffic jam to mark the opening of the Automobile Show, and perhaps an election to the French Academy, which will give photographers an excuse for strolling about on the most charming of the city's thirty-odd bridges: the Pont des Arts, where you stand in the air between the Medici part of the Louvre and the curved colonnade of the old Collège des Quatre Nations, now the Institut de France, looking upstream at the green prow of the Island of the City sailing eternally westward. *Fluctuat nec Mergitur* remains the Parisian device. A few conspirators on the Avenue Matignon and thereabouts will have decided what the women of the Western World will look like this winter: and along the Boulevard Saint-Germain smoke signals will begin to appear, informing the world's intellectuals of the latest confusions. Whatever can I tell you about this place that you haven't seen or heard, or refused, in legitimate self-defence perhaps, to see or hear?

This, to begin with: the Pont des Invalides was broadened this last summer, the underpass at the Alma is in operation, and the Unesco Building is nearing completion. Communication remains the great problem. Paris pursues its idea.

II

THE autumnal mood of this city is rarely tonic, brisk, and eager, as in London, New York, and Elsinore. Either we have St. Martin's summer or we splash about like ducks. The effect is gentle, in either case, and a little sad. People rediscover the old angles, faces, colours: *on se retrouve*, they say. To return here is to be reminded of a permanence which seems to defeat both progress and decay, except one's own, ticking off the years so inexorably that even the young people feel it, which is why youth has its peculiarly grave, intent, and seasoned quality in Paris. The *carpe diem* is more than a

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literary memory here. From Ronsard's *mignonne* to Raymond Queneau's *fillette*, the irony ripens like cognac in wood; but the Young Man is still making the old pitch, still trying to manœuvre this momentarily rosy and too-too mortal body into bed. Only he's filled with the sense that it's an old game that he's playing.

This is the city of our world which most sharply delimits the rôles of the human comedy, and the generations; and most stubbornly preserves their essential forms under the successive styles and fashions of speech and dress; so that the moralists of every period, from the medieval chroniclers and poets to Mme de Vilmorin, seem always to be dealing with the same "characters," as La Bruyère calls them, and the same functions: the Miser, the Bore, the Snob, the Young Lover, the Fond Papa, the Financier. Some Parisians feel responsible for their rôles, as if they were acting them out in a charade, demonstrating the unity and endurance of the French moral language, which stubbornly rejects the modern jargon of depth psychology. Others resist, but they are instantly put in their places. And the general pageant, moving against the fixed décor of the hills, the Seine and the City, has the paradoxical effect of making the passage of time seem more palpable here, and less momentous.

There is Parisian melancholy in all this, elegiac, not unpleasurable, much indulged in by the song-writers and the poets:

Sous le Pont Mirabeau coule la Seine . . .

Vienne la nuit, sonne l'heure,
Les jours s'en vont, je demeure

and also something of Malvolio's melancholy, a smouldering self-assertion, for *il n'est bon bec que de Paris*, according to Villon, and the faces one sees in the streets are inhabited and animated by a proverbially developed *quant-à-soi*. The Parisians are always saying I, I, I, and cannot bear being reduced to the rôles to which . . . they persist in reducing each other.

And yet they bear it very well: to the manner born. It's simply that everyone wants it understood that there's more in him than meets the eye. To which Paris replies that the pay-off, nevertheless, is in what meets the eye. This may sometimes mean the mind's eye, but you can't push the metaphor too hard. It's a curious business, the Parisian view of Man: the city is made to Man's measure, they say, as if there were only one: a singularly tempered one, a sort of reaction against the old *furia francese* and Roland's epic *desmesuré*. No skyscrapers, no baroque.* This is what takes the sting out of the I, I, I, which blends so easily into the collective murmur. The city sustains and defines me, and implacably shapes me against its shape.

How does this happen? If one goes to New York or London after living here one has a weird feeling of invisibility, because people in those places keep their eyes to themselves.

* Surely there are exceptions, although I can only think, off-hand, of Charles Garnier's Opera House, with the extraordinary Carpeaux decorations. There is a pagoda—no less!—on the Rue de Courcelles, not far from the Parc Monceau, which was originally a "folie" of Philippe-Egalité, filled with scenic bric-à-brac. And the Eiffel Tower is a sort of skyscraper, after all. But the effect of such exercises in Paris is precisely to suggest that the absence of a style or of an idea is purposeful, i.e. that whatever is not here has been deliberately *dépassé*. Or assimilated by irony. The Second Empire, for example, was a period of energetic expansion, which created whole quarters of heavy and ornate bourgeois constructions. But these, like the Opera and the garish cafés of the nearby boulevards, where the *dandys* and *cocottes* spent so much spirit, blend into the atmosphere now. Paris makes of them a grave and nostalgic joke on modernism: *la belle époque*!

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Parisians are always looking at each other, always out for what they can get in the way of contact, friendly or not. This co... readiness to establish relationships, if only fleetingly, is a function of civic, rather than personal, living. People may drink or play cards with each other in cafés for years without ever inviting each other to their homes. The point is that they never weary of looking at their city, and at each other as part of the picture. What fascinates them, really, is the spectacle they constantly create, haunting the streets, theatres, gardens, salons, cafés, alcoves, and marble halls. They love to tell "typically Parisian" stories and to quote the latest impertinence of the "typically Parisian" *titi*.*

THE city's layout, like the French educational system, is based on perspectives: the purpose is to relate people to their history and literature and, through them, to each other. The long view, like the famous grey light, softens the shock, so that even if the Parisians look upon each other without amenity, there is singular lack of strain.

Parisian friends of mine who have visited Los Angeles and New York were appalled, they tell me, by the widespread popularisation of psychoanalytical concepts and by the tendency of Americans to conceive—and discuss!—each other in these terms. Not that they've given up analysing each other, but they continue to do so in the style of *Le Misanthrope*. Their own society game remains deliberately rhetorical: a matter of forms, nomenclature, language. And these, unlike the mysterious accidents underlying ego-formation, have the advantage of being palpable, historical, concrete. They belong to the culture. A man is a fool, a knave, a saint;

* The *titi* is the modern version of Hugo's Gavroche. Delivery boy, apprentice, any youth of the "people," he walks or pushes his bicycle around Paris, making typical remarks. Example: an outraged motorist leans out of his window and berates a *titi*, who is walking in the road. "And the sidewalk?" he says. "What's *that* for?" "It's for your wife," says the *titi* imperturbably, ready to take to his heels. These stories have such currency that I can't remember whether I witnessed this one or simply heard someone recount it.

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butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker. Each in his way, of course. Nobody has to invent the forms of behaviour which are appropriate to his various rôles and conditions: they exist. But they must be assimilated, adapted, played upon; and the manner in which this is done constitutes a man's style. *Le style, c'est l'homme.* As for the inner dynamics, they are obscure or invisible and in any event a man's own damned business. The famous "air of freedom" which is said to be peculiar to Paris has nothing to do with politics or the police. It is really a sort of discretion.

Do I hear a great outcry? No, I am not suggesting that psychology is not at home in the city of La Rochefoucauld, Stendhal, and Proust. The point, simply, is that Freud's master, Charcot, is practically forgotten here. And if Freud himself had a brief moment of notoriety, that was in the twenties, thanks to a group of poets and painters who have had some effect on the Parisian *décor*. For the rest, he is not systematically ignored here, as Manès Sperber tells me he is in Vienna; he is *dépassé*, as the French say, digested, absorbed, and that will do, thank you.

Or will it? There is something new in the dismayed fascination with which the Parisians attend to what happens, these days, in Moscow and New York. For the moment, however, Vigny's proud boast still stands:

Paris, l'axe immortel, Paris, l'axe du Monde
Puise ses mouvements dans sa rigueur profonde
Les communique à tous, les imprime à chacun
Les impose de force, et n'en reçoit aucun.

III

Now, foreigners are free to take part in the Parisian game of characters and functions, and many of them, e.g. John Law, La Castiglione, Diaghilev, and Picasso, have played leading rôles. The majority, however, will content themselves with being British, Greek, Americans, or whatnot; in fact, they come here for that purpose, essentially, and the business of becoming what one is in Paris —an old theme of our literature—will usually turn out to be strenuous enough for modest people, travelling light, pressed for time, etc. For others like myself who end by living here for many years, there is the inevitable stock character of the Old Inhabitant, guiding compatriots around, complaining that it used to be cheaper, popping people—but nonchalantly, on the way to a good cheap bistro, say, or during an aimless stroll—into the Sainte-Chapelle or the Cour de Rohan for a quick bedazzlement; that sort of thing. It's not as easy as it sounds, however, for the years pass and the monuments and their legends grow dim; and *noblesse oblige*: one must avoid dullness and fatigue and what the Parisians call seriousness, all sins against the spirit of the place.

Cities begin by offering us their spectacle, of which we only too soon become a part; and if we linger, even here, the spectacle tends to fade away, we maniacally lose ourselves in our grim little preoccupations and then, all at once, discover that the urban enchantment has been reduced to a sort of dispensing machine, providing us with the gadgets we manipulate for shelter, say, or food or light or even laughter; and little more. And this, which is sad anywhere, is monstrous in Paris. The mere thought of it awakens the conscience, drives us forth to walk the boulevards, lean over bridges, watch every street scene, go to every theatre, accept every invitation, and above all, remember that somewhere, between the spectacle and the machine, this place had a secret existence, something to reveal:

Topographie! itinéraire!
dérives à travers la ville!
souvenirs des anciens horaires!
que la mémoire est difficile. . . .

What was it? The young man arrives and stands on some high place, Notre-Dame, Sacré-Cœur, the Eiffel Tower, a place from which he can "see it whole," as Mouloudji puts it in one of the innumerable serenades which the French music-hall singers are always composing to their city:

Monter à Belleville
Tout en haut de la Ville
Pour la voir en entier,

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and there he breathes hard with the altitude and desire, so that the very sound of his breathing, so memorably transcribed by Balzac, expresses his belief that what Paris has to reveal is the secret of secrets, the End, the sense of his life. *"A nous deux, maintenant!"* Since *Le Père Goriot*, Rastignac's challenge has been mockingly ascribed to any young man on the make, but the point is that he may indeed turn out to be Rastignac, or Balzac for that matter. And this prize which he so greedily contemplates, his battleground, is no mere city among cities. It is the archetype of the City.

This is true, to begin with, because our young man makes it so. Perhaps he wants to become Lord Mayor, like Dick Whittington. Perhaps he thinks he wants wisdom, justice, love, or even the salvation of his soul. In fact, he wants Everything, and this is the Parisian speciality. "The world is everything that is the case." And the vocation of the archetypal city is to represent the world. Not simply as a surrogate or microcosm, but in the destructive way of consciousness: to know the world. Is there not a tranquil insolence in the constant pretension to universality which was first expressed, according to Julian the Apostate, when Paris was merely a village? But listen to Péguy, fifteen hundred years later: *Paris, monument de monuments, monument des monuments, monument capital de tant de monuments élémentaires, ville monument, capitale monument. . . .* The demolition crews sweep the perspectives clear. The city ends in pure self-contemplation.

OUR young man stands, however, at the beginning. For him Paris appears first as infinite possibility, and this is the source of his ravishment. The monuments he sees from his high place all bear the mark of his obsession, the great Western obsession, with personal destiny.

Even the hills bear this mark. Montmartre, on the north, Mount of the martyr, where St. Denis picked up his severed head and stalked off to the site of his basilica. To the east, the Buttes Chaumont and Belleville evoke Villon's *truands* and hipsters, so many of whom were hanged on the gallows of Montfaucon; and the Père Lachaise, the Communards' Waterloo. On the south, Ste. Geneviève's mountain, where the Panthéon casts its shadow over the Latin Quarter, swarming with candidates. *Aux Grands Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante,** says the lettering on the façade; and there is a little hotel on the square called Hotel des Grands Hommes. The islands, inevitably, are seen as vessels, so packed with departed spirits that the quick can scarcely move. On the City, the spire of the Sainte Chapelle which St. Louis (and what better proof of his beatitude?) built in two years, between 1246 and 1248; and, of course, a few hundred yards eastward the towers built by Maurice de Sully, whose mother is supposed to have eked out her living collecting firewood before her son became Bishop:

Sainte Mère de Dieu
Voici ta Ville
C'est la plus maternelle
Qui soit au monde.

And westward, Napoleon's Triumph, which he told Champagny to place at the Etoile, "in view of the difficulties of putting it at the Bastille—only the Arc of Triumph of the Bastille must be replaced by a fine fountain, like the one we are building on the Concorde." But a brief circular look reveals little detail. It does not matter, our young man's preoccupations will be less archæological than ours. The point is that we can scarcely recall an anonymous monument in this city. From

* A list of the forty-odd great men is amusing and instructive. Along with Rousseau, Voltaire, Hugo, Zola, and Jaurès—who remembers Napoléon's prefects and senators: Resnier, Béguinot, Sers, Galles, Champinol, Viry, La Pargne, Petiet, etc? An odd effect of the Parisian vocation is that, at any particular moment, most citizens are sublimely incapable of naming the current prefect or president of the Municipal Council, not to speak of the dignitaries of yesteryear. Dick Whittington cannot be content with the Lord Mayor's office here; to speak to Paris he must address himself to the world. Here, too, the city's characteristic irony works into the country's more pompous institution, so that everyone is remembered, "decorated," and assigned his place:

Ci-gît Péron qui ne fut rien
Pas même académicien.

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time immemorial, the Parisians have been shuffling their building blocks, arranging, rearranging. And every decision was signed. Even during the long period when the city seemed so largely absorbed in its evangelical mission, covered with churches and monasteries, peopled with clerics, when its broadest boulevard was the Rue St. Jacques, so-called because it led southward to the shrine of Santiago de Compostela, Paris took worldly note of the names of its defenders, benefactors, even merchants. In the 9th century, during the siege of the Normans, a group of Parisians were suddenly marooned between a burning fortress on the right bank and a flood which had swept away the Petit Pont. A brief incident in that interminable siege: *ab ira Normannorum, libera nos, Domine!* The names of the victims were Ermenfroi, Erve, Eriland, Odoacre, Ervic, Arnold, Solic, Gesbert, Vidon, Asdrad, Ewar, and Gesvin.

IV

ARCHETYPAL, too, the geographical situation on the ancient waterway to the sea, in the centre of a fertile and thickly forested basin, a hundred or more miles in radius—*et tout et tout*, as the French say. What more could one want? Fine building stone, perhaps; there's plenty nearby. So the Romans, who were sharp about this sort of thing, established their headquarters here in 53 B.C., although the main routes of Gaul gave Lutetia,* as Cæsar called the village of the Parisii, a rather wide berth, passing from Lyon to Boulogne through Reims, or further

* For lack of a (scientifically) satisfying etymology for Lutetia, or for the Parisii, we have a fine crop of myths and legends, which trace the city's founders to the descendants of Dis, a grandson of Noah, or to the Parrhasians of Asia Minor, who were said to have accompanied Hercules in his search for the golden apples of the Hesperides; or to Priam's grandson, Francion, etc. Celtic Gaul seems to have had a number of place-names beginning with *Bar*, hill-top or crest, whence Bar-sur-Aube, Bar-le-Duc, etc. (Paris, as I've noted, is surrounded by hills, the highest of which is the Butte-Montmartre, 129 metres.) Other proposals: *Par Guiss*, cradle of boats, *Par Isis*, the vessel of Isis. *Rabelais*, disdaining the modern word, was inspired by *Lutèce*, so-called, he said, "because of the white thighs of its ladies." Readers in search of more second-hand erudition can proceed from this point on their own.

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south, following the Garonne and the Loire. But this was obviously a predestined site for a city. Julian the Apostate, acclaimed Emperor here in 358, was much taken with it. "[The city] occupies an island in the middle of the river; wooden bridges link it with both banks. The stream rarely changes its level. . . . The winter temperature is not very rigorous, a circumstance the inhabitants attribute to the warmth of the ocean, only about two hundred miles away, which sends warm air as far as Lutetia. . . . The soil bears good vines and the Parisians have even developed the art of growing fig-trees, covering them with straw and using various other means to shelter them from the rigours of the seasons." And the subsequent development of the little garrison town into a feudal, and then a national capital, in widening concentric circles as the Capetian kings patiently pieced the country together, is not only wrought in the peculiarly satisfying style of French history: clear, meaningful, intentional, like a well-organised book; it is also archetypal. The king creates an urban bureaucracy which in turn creates a nation, if necessary despite the king. So the lattice work of Gallo-Roman and Frankish communications gave way to the famous spider web with Paris sitting replete and congested in the centre, sucking French blood, a perpetual object of scandal to the rural aristocrats and, much later, to the economists who doggedly work on committees for a more reasonable *aménagement du territoire*.

For all the incessant city-planning there was never a Plan, precisely; there was a vocation. History and geography have combined to organise the city around a cluster of organic centres, like a medieval analogy of man's appetites and interests. At an early period the central markets, the "belly of Paris," as Hugo and Zola called them, moved north across the river to their present emplacement, whence nothing seems able to budge them, although they defy all sane economics and hygiene. But the most portentous move came about 1115, when a certain Professor Abelard found himself in theological trouble and took himself off to the Montagne

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Ste. Geneviève, in order to deliver his lectures at some distance from his clerical critics. His courses were popular, first with the scholars of Notre-Dame who lived on the left bank, amid the Roman ruins; and then, doubtless, with the sort of *tout-Paris* which flooded into Valéry's lectures at the Collège de France, a few years ago. In any case, it gave a considerable lift to the quarter, raised real estate values, started a building boom in schools, inns, brothels, whatnot. Thus did Jean-Paul Sartre with Saint-Germain-des-Prés in 1945. But the point is that by Abelard's time Paris had already assumed the physiognomy we know: on the Island of the City, the temporal and spiritual authorities; on the right bank, commerce and other mundane affairs; on the left, the schools and foreign intellectuals.

THERE is no need to tell the whole story, happily, for Abelard provides the figure in the carpet. The posterity of that ambiguous clerk, rebel, and functionary, made this city the great market-place of Western ideas.* "*C'est la cité sur toutes couronnée*," said Eustache Deschamps in 1375. "*Fontaine et puis de science et de clergié.*" Perhaps he was a bit beforehand; but two hundred years later, when the Gascon, Montaigne, confessed that it was Paris that made a Frenchman of him, the city's vocation was revealed and clear to the Western world. By that token it was no longer, if it had ever been, merely a French city.

From the time when Philippe-Auguste first ringed Paris with fortifications, the French kings kept trying to curb the city's growth, which was all out of proportion to its manifest function as capital of the realm. *Ordonnances*, wall, *bornes-limites*—it was all in vain. Peter the Great, aghast at what we would now call the internal security problem, said that if he owned such a place he would burn it. The Bourbons, fortunately, did not share Peter's proto-Bolshevik brutality. After the Fronde, a confused period of civil strife during which Paris was usually on the wrong side, they gave up trying to inhibit the city's development. But they stayed in Versailles. The *philosophes*, as the more unruly clerks were called in the 18th century, remained ominously in Paris, a mere ten miles away, cultivating their eloquence in the gardens of the Palais-Royal. Abelard was about to have his day.

Since then, the clerks have been in and out of power—sometimes simultaneously, which is entirely possible in France. But power is notoriously a relative and disappointing thing. Even before the revolution of 1789, the clerks had begun to colonise the *corps constitués*, the administration, the magistrature, the educational system, even the army and the police. The world, however, remained stubbornly shapeless, confused, hard to move: in a word, anti-clerkish. Paris, meanwhile, *tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change*, was transforming itself into its essence. Gradually, throughout the 19th century, a series of new cities was built up, the familiar urban jungles of the industrial revolution, just beyond the municipal boundaries. From this ring of smokestacks and slums, Paris seemed to shrink inward in horror. The city's own lines and forms became purer and more abstract, especially during the reign of the Prefect Haussmann, who destroyed and rebuilt systematically for twenty years. The havoc was dreadful, but after Haussmann the sense of history set in; it made what was left of old Paris untouchable and filled the clerks with a new kind of fervour, so that the arche-

* Culture also has its official capital in Paris, which is the seat of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation. The Organisation for European Economic Co-operation is installed in the Château de la Muette. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation occupies a temporary building which has been cleverly attached to the Palais de Chaillot, a perpetual subject of outraged Letters to the Editor, three out of four of which begin with the bitter *mot* which has served in many such civic battles: *il n'y a que le provisoire qui dure*. Certain ministerial services have been temporarily "established" in a wing of the Louvre for some fifty years. . . . The international secretariats of these and other organisations, along with the hundreds of thousands of tourists and buyers (of *articles de Paris*, perfumes, and ideas) who sojourn or pass through each year, sometimes give the city a fantastically theatrical air, as when one strolls into the Place Vendôme late at night—or the Impasse des Deux Anges!—and comes face to face with a Zulu king, a Southern Senator, or an Eskimo.

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typal city could now acquire another dimension, the final Parisian awareness of itself, its noble quarters and leprous ones, its monuments, vestiges, landmarks. Here the extraordinary urban rhetoric at last discovered its theme. Everywhere there are perspectives and every perspective leads *somewhere*—to a monument, a landmark, a vestige. This was the idea of the City, this fusion of past and present; like a clerk's idea of the world.

V

THE city's vocation, then, no longer implies the gigantism which so disconcerted Czar Peter: three or four million inhabitants, depending on how you fix the municipal limits; as many again in the industrial suburbs. Nor is the urban area extensive, as our great cities go. The Republic, to be sure, has inherited the royal nightmares and maintains a wary tutelage over a city which, from Etienne Marcel to the Commune, has shown so persistent a tendency to consider France as merely the most immediate of its hinterlands. Jean Legaret, author of the new statute which, if it is adopted by the Chamber, will restore certain of the municipal rights "provisionally" suspended since 1871, is careful to maintain the national government's control over the capital. "To apply the common law to Paris," he explains in an article recently published in *Le Monde*, ". . . is impossible today. The mayor of Paris, commanding the police, . . . disposing of close to 50,000 agents and a budget of several billion francs, would be a disquieting neighbour for the head of the government and even for the head of the state." But the disquieting power of Paris is generated by concentration, not by sheer size. Americans can vaguely surmise what this means if they will imagine the activities of Washington, New York, Detroit, Chicago, and Hollywood, together with Harvard, Yale, and the M.I.T., focused within an area little greater than that of Boston. "The French," said Valéry, "have piled all their ideas into a single enclosure. Here we live in our fire." And the result, he remarked on another occasion, "is the greatest power of emission combined with

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the greatest power of absorption." Or Péguy again:

Ste. Mère de Dieu
Voici ta ville
D'où sept cent mille feux
Brûlent le monde

This brings us back to our young man, and to his conviction that the secret of his existence is here, in this round and finite place, which fits so snugly in the palm of his hand. "The world is everything that is the case." Not that the confusion of *orb* and *urb* is peculiar to Paris; but no people since antiquity have been so constant as this one in the belief that all human possibility is somehow encompassed in their town. The Parisians, said the Emperor Julian the Apostate, "understand everything and forgive everything, even the absurdity of living as a philosopher." This, note, in the closing years of Roman Gaul, before the barbarians came in and reduced everything to a shambles; hence, at a time when France was still turned entirely southward for its spiritual sustenance and Paris merely one of the smaller northern outposts of the Mediterranean world. Whatever made the Parisians feel so wise when they were nothing but a tribe of bargemen moored on a string of sandy islands in the Seine? Ten centuries later, or fifteen, we can understand the conceit of the city-microcosm. Town and court, soldier and monk, bourgeois and rebel, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief, all the rôles were here—all the rôles there were. But how does one explain those preposterous Gallo-Roman bargemen, paddling around in the waters which Julian called "most sweet and agreeable to the sight," but which actually must have been rather muddy, understanding everything, forgiving everything, even the absurdity of living as a philosopher?

WE CAN only beg the question and say that Paris, being what it is, could only have been built by Parisians. "*A nous deux*," says our young man, who has come here ostensibly for fame and fortune, but really—since he is a descendant of those overweening boatmen—for something else. So he comes down from his high place and wanders around the city, gloating. And he needs no guide. More precisely, he has read all the guides, from Cæsar to Marcel Aymé, so that he may be surprised to find no gambling dens at the Palais-Royal, no artists on the Plaine Monceau, and few noble families in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Indeed, he will spend years adjusting the Paris of the moment, as he discovers it, to the emerging Idea. And when he has it all clearly in his mind and heart, so that every stone of the city seems to yield its full measure of meaning, the Paris of the moment will be another, of course: the perspectives are also in time.

Le Paris que vous aimâtes
N'est pas celui que nous aimons
Et nous nous dirigeons sans hâte
Vers celui que nous oublierons

Meanwhile he wanders around, scheming, through the quarters which communicate—like the Parisians themselves—so easily with each other, although they cling so firmly to their *quant à soi*. From the Etoile to the Concorde along the Champs-Elysées is a ten or fifteen minute walk; he will spend an hour or even two gazing into shop windows angling for the eye of one of the sleek women who seem to stroll perpetually around the corner of the Avenue George V, listening distractedly to the conversation of two movie producers on the terrace—there are some fifty cinema companies in offices along the Champs-Elysées, and at least twice that number of fly-by-nights, whose office is the Café Fouquet's; and avoiding the eye of the other sleek women who stroll perpetually, etc. Further down towards the Concorde he may stop to watch the children playing under the chestnut trees in the little park where Proust's hero fell in love; or branch off at the Rond-Point along the Avenue Matignon which reminds him (since this is their realm) that everything in Paris revolves around women and he must find enough money to buy a new suit. Within a mile or so of where he stands, practically all of the *couturie* have their shops: Balmain, Balenciaga, Dior, Fath, Carven, Heim, Rouff, Lanvin, to mention

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only a few.* But the Concorde is waiting; our young man stops at the prancing stone horses of Marly to look across the square at the gilded gates of the Tuileries and then, at the risk of his life, dodges past waves of automobiles to reach the bridge and the Palais-Bourbon, where the National Assembly is reconvening.†

There is no end to wandering in Paris. Tomorrow our young man will walk through the Faubourg St. Germain where the noble mansions are now inhabited by government bureaux and foreign embassies. Or the Latin Quarter, which is feverishly preparing the *rentrée*, the kiosks bristling with new literary reviews, some of which may live until Christmas; and the street corners swarming with young politicos who carry banners and pamphlets denouncing each other. At the Collège

* There is a myth, propagated by André Breton *inter alia*, about the alleged femininity of Paris. (In the leafy and triangular Place Dauphine, seized with a sense of awe, the poet suddenly perceives the city's sex! The passage is celebrated, although it has the inevitable effect of reminding irreverent Parisians of the Eiffel Tower.) The fact is that the well-known social rôle of women in Paris, like the influence of the salons on the language of the *philosophes*, are manifestations of the city's passion for commerce and communication. In the 18th century, Catherine of Russia writes of her concern lest, in Paris incognito, she be considered lacking in wit. "Do you think they will invite me to supper?" The city is propitious to women, as everyone knows, and demands much of them, but this proves nothing one way or the other.

† The Concorde was the Place de la Révolution, where the mobs gathered to watch Dr. Guillotin's gadget at work. Before that, it was the Place Louis XV. In addition to being, in my humble opinion, with the Invalides, the most beautiful ensemble of the grand style in Paris, it is an excellent staging area for demonstrations, which can then sweep up the Champs-Elysées to the Unknown Soldier's Tomb under the Arc de Triomphe, or southward over the bridge to shake a collective fist at the deputies in the Palais-Bourbon, viz. February 6th, 1934. . . . Our young man will be feeling rather bitter about the National Assembly, for the country is in an anti-parliamentary mood. Paris, in any case, is habitually cynical about the legislature, like an impresario watching his own show. The effect of the city's world vocation has always been to make a theatre of the Palais-Bourbon and a representation of the parliamentary game. Besides, the altered power position of France since the war tends to tone down the rhetorical style. The usual, and useful, over-simplification is to say that France continues to be administered by the prefects and police, the *inspecteurs de finance* and the permanent officials of the Quai d'Orsay; and the deputies continue to be concerned with Ideas and Principles. There is nothing surprising—to a Parisian, at least—in the fact that the seating arrangements on the left, right, and centre of this hemicycle should have provided the entire world of politics with its fundamental symbols.

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de France, the heirs of Abelard—and Bergson and Valéry—are preparing to lecture to their audience of passionate youth, professors on sabbatical and the perennial ancients who are the true professionals of the Collège, picturesquely bearded and attired and usually fast asleep. Practically all the great schools of France are in this quarter or in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where the good students go when they die. But perhaps our young man has had his fill of schools for the moment. He may go back to the Right Bank, which remains faithful to its commercial and industrial vocation. No factories, of course, but the centralisation of this country is such that companies which produce steel in Lorraine or motor oil in Provence find it useful to have their offices here. In any case, our young man will keep walking, since he has included the whole city in his challenge. He will dream along the Quais, sin in Montmartre, buy roses for the pleasure of listening to the singing "Parigot" accent of a vendor in the great central flower-market of the Cité. He wants Everything and he is already convinced that everything is here. He is a legitimate Parisian, henceforth.

As a legitimate Parisian, no quarter of Paris will remain entirely foreign to him. Not even Belleville, Auteuil, or Passy,* where indeed he may have grown up dreaming of the city, as if it were elsewhere. Whether he pursue his passion for distinction in politics, business, literature, art, science, or finance, the secret of his civility is that he sees his personal commitment as one of a series of vital perspectives, not as a closed compartment into which he locks himself for life. There are no closed compartments. In no other city, surely, do poets and generals, political activists, shopkeepers, businessmen, artists, and scientists speak to each other so much—however angrily—across the gulfs of their professions and interests.

So our young man's sense of possibility is at once sustained and attenuated by the city's perspectives, which keep telling him that there are others, there have been others, there will be others. In the shadow of a bridge which is still called the Pont Neuf, although it was inaugurated by Henri IV, he sees the city crystallised like landscape, geological, final, but also heartshaped, a rough Renascence navigator's map of the globe, reminding him that to travel far enough is indeed to "arrive," i.e. to reach his point of departure, which is simply his need to measure himself in the world.

* The quarters, of course, are not identical with the *arrondissements*, or wards, which are essentially administrative divisions, although they have come to signify as much in certain cases as the quarters themselves. Thus the 16th is the bourgeois *arrondissement*, including Passy, Auteuil, Chaillot, and the Porte Dauphine. To speak of "the left wing of the 16th," as some cynics do in referring to certain youthful followers of Pierre Mendès-France, is to evoke a considerable complexity of political ideas and motivations. The great proletarian *arrondissement*, on the other hand, is the 20th, including Menilmontant, Belleville, Père-Lachaise, and Charonne, where the ghosts of Babeuf and Blanqui continue to walk. The development of the city has been generally westward, towards the 16th, which is quite as populous as the 20th, although Paris found its eastern limits only in 1818, with the annexation of the village of Austerlitz.

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Ludwig the Second

"Remind me to look happier tomorrow."—Ludwig II in a note to a servant at Hohenschwangau, April 24th, 1886.

IN THIS High Country of the Swan
I reign, and I am sometimes pleased
With what I plan and look upon:
So life's complexity is eased.

But not for long! Anxiety returns.
This hateful century is to blame.
Bring me some ice! My forehead burns!
Frock-coated vultures watch my name.

Bring in the lamps! I want to be alone
Yet not alone. Nobody knows how great
My loneliness and kingliness have grown.
Is it that I was born too late?

Build me a cliff-top Schloss, a ruby throne,
A resonant Wagner-Hall of Song:
I'll hear the music-myths alone.
I need a palace one mile long.

I want a million nobody will lend
To build my Chinese palace, Falkenstein.
More than pagodas I require a friend
To obey—and then command—this heart of mine.

Guilt vitiates love: they never told me that.
Each act of pleasure desecrates my dream.
Remorse runs in, quick as a rat,
A bare-tailed rat, to gnaw my self-esteem.

Gudden is not a man I care for, therefore
What is he here for? Doktor Gudden lies!
What do those other people stare for?
They're all in Bismarck's pay, all spies!

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Order the sleigh! Send Hornig to the hut!
Is there a moon? I'm nearly ready now.
The plates are cold! See that the doors are shut!
Borrow two million! Make a lower bow!

Hold up the glass! I wish to trace
The growing sabotage of guilt and sorrow.
It is not regal, such a ravaged face:
Remind me to look happier tomorrow.

A warning oboe! Forest glades exhale
The smell of moss, a sense of loss. I'll turn and take
My downward path. Muffle the drums! I shall not fail
To fight for silence in my swan-lit lake.

William Plomer

The Father

Now every son usurps the place you know;
And strange indeed a child should overthrow
Your certainties. You could contend with all
Strangers who overwhelmed you and install
Your love in places where you learnt to go

Simply and equally. Now your own bone
And blood replaces you; you are alone
Where most you thought yourself well satisfied.
That child who smiles, smiles as if he defied
You ever to call this hiding-place your own.

Hearths are inimical. Furniture can
Unpeople worlds, prove you are less than man.
Surrender only leaves you still some part
To play: this son may show you how to start
Back to the loneliness where you began.

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The Parting

THOUGH there was nothing final then,
No word or look or sign,
I felt some ending in the air
As when a sensed design
Draws back from the completing touch
And dies along a line.

For through the words that seemed to show
That we were learning each
Trick of the other's thought and sense,
A shyness seemed to reach
As if such talk continuing
Would make the hour too rich.

Maybe this strangeness only was
The safe place all men make
To hide themselves from happiness;
I only know I lack
The strangeness our last meeting had
And try to force it back.

In Provence

SO MANY blinds drawn down and shutters closed
Yet it is noon we notice, how the square
Stiffens itself about the white light there.
And we bare-headed now and open-faced

Seem to disclaim all secrets, act as if
Nothing went on behind that shaded door,
As if there were no meaning to lay bare
And one clear look could open a whole life.

For where the south is gentle still, not yet
Headstrong with tropic rage, we feel at ease.
We delegate our secrets to all these
Shut doors, drawn blinds where anything might wait

While we move where mere sunlight looks like peace.

Elizabeth Jennings

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Nirad C. Chaudhuri

The Finest Story About India —in English

IF I were to leave it to the reader to name the book, there might be some passing hesitation, a hasty review of alternative claims, but I do not think that in the end the answer would be anything but *Kim*. I would go further and say that in *Kim* its author wrote not only the finest novel in the English language with an Indian theme, but also one of the greatest of English novels in spite of the theme. This rider is necessary, because the association of anything in English literature with India suggests a qualified excellence, an achievement which is to be judged by its special standards, or even a work which in form and content has in it more than a shade of the second-rate. But *Kim* is great by any standards that ever obtained in any age of English literature.

This will come as a surprise from a Bengali, Kipling's *bête noire*, who heartily returned the compliment, and I shall add shock to surprise by confessing that I had not read *Kim* till about three years ago. The only work by Kipling which I had read before was *The Jungle Book*. I read it first when I was only ten years old, and I have never ceased reading it. It is now as much a part of me as are the Arabian Nights, Grimm's Fairy Tales, and Æsop's Fables, or for that matter the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. But I never had the courage or inclination to pass on to Kipling's other books, for I had heard of his "imperialism" and contempt for Bengalis. I thought I should be hurt by an aggressive display of Anglo-Saxon pride, and while British rule lasted I should have been, because the contempt was both real and outspoken. Anyone curious to sample its expression might as well read a story called *The Head of the District*.

But the disappearance of British rule has emancipated some, if not all, of us from the political inhibition against Kipling. His dislike for Indians who had received a Western education was both irresponsible and indiscreet, and in the light of what has followed almost foolish. His countrymen are now making such handsome amends for it that we can afford not only to overlook it, but even to refer back to it as a corrective to the new adulation which is perhaps doing us more harm than the old contumely ever did. The contempt made us rise at times to the artistic level of Shylock considered as the representative of a persecuted race, the admiration is making us behave rather like the Rev. William Collins.

There was no originality in Kipling's rudeness to us, but only a repetition, in the forthright Kiplingian manner, of what was being said in every mess and club. His political fads were explicit, and he was never sheepish about them. But his politics was the characteristic politics of the *epigoni*, when the epic age of British world politics was already past, and the British people had ceased to bring

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about great mutations in the history of the world.

It is curious to note that when Clive was in India and Wolfe in Canada, with the Elder Pitt at their back in Whitehall, English literary men were engaged in writing *Tom Jones* or *A Sentimental Journey*. When England was saving herself by her exertions and Europe by her example, English literature got *Pride and Preiudice* and *Emma*. At a later epoch when Englishmen were still capable of perishing on the road to Jellalabad, bivouacking on the field of Ferozshah while the fate of British India trembled in the balance, or winning battles and dying of cholera around Delhi and Lucknow, they wrote *The Pickwick Papers*. After the settling down of British domestic politics, the Roundhead and the Cavalier, the Covenanter and the Jacobite had gone abroad, where they were doing what they were expected to do. In those times English politics had no need to invade literature. The age of Imperialism, Conservative and Liberal, had to arrive to make that necessary. The result was an adulteration of each by the other.

But Kipling's politics, which even now is something of a hurdle in the way of giving him a secure place in English literature, and which certainly brought him under a cloud during the last years of his life, is no essential ingredient of his writings. Kipling the writer is always able to rise above Kipling the political man. His imagination soared above his political opinions as Tolstoy's presentation of human character transcended his pet military and historical theories in *War and Peace*. Of course, quite a large number of his themes are drawn from what might legitimately be called political life, but these have been personalised and transformed into equally legitimate artistic themes. It is the easiest thing to wash out the free acid of Kiplingian politics from his finished goods.

Coming to particulars, *Kim* would never have been a great book if it had to depend for its validity and appeal on the spy story, and we really are not called upon to judge it as an exposition in fiction of the Anglo-Russian rivalry in Asia. Kipling's attitude to war and diplomacy had a streak of *naïveté* and even claptrap in it, which made Lord Cromer, in whom high politics ran in the blood, once call him, if I remember rightly, a cheeky beggar.

The spy story in *Kim* is nothing more than the diplomatic conceit of an age of peace, in which people enjoyed all kinds of scares, including war scares, and even invented them, in order to have an excuse for letting off some jingoistic steam, to ring a change on the boredom of living in piping times of peace. India in the last decades of the 19th century was full of all sorts of fanciful misgivings about Russian intrigues and the machinations of the Rajas and Maharajas, which the clever darkly hinted at and the simple credulously believed in. There is an echo of this even in one of Tagore's stories in Bengali.

But in *Kim* this political mode, which Kipling seems to have taken more seriously than it deserved to be, is only a peg to hang a wholly different story, the real story of the book. I wonder if, in spite of their great love for it, Englishmen have quite understood what *Kim* is about. It has often been read piecemeal, as every great story can be, for its details, evocative either of the Himalayas or of the Indo-Gangetic plain. These are so interesting and gripping that the reader hardly feels the need for a larger unifying theme, and does not take the trouble to look for it.

No very great harm is done if *Tom Jones* or *The Pickwick Papers* are read in this fashion, because the larger unity can be supplied by the English reader from his inward consciousness of the world in which the episodes are happening. The setting is all-pervasive, like the sea on which the waves are rolling, or the atmosphere in which separate features are seen in a landscape. But, in the very nature of things, English readers cannot feel the underlying bond of *Kim*, because the story belongs to a far-away and unfamiliar world. So, unless told about it, most of them are likely to be left with a sense of having been tantalised by a half-told story.

I doubt, however, even if Kipling himself

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was conscious of the design I am going to attribute to him. He was an intuitionist, and I do not think he ever felt the need for intellectualising his artistic motivation. His imagination worked at white heat, and it worked without analytic reasoning at many levels and on very diverse themes.

There was, for example, the life lived by his countrymen and countrywomen in India, in which work on the plains was counterbalanced by love on the hills. Dealing with the latter, Kipling had an outlet for his ambition to write like Maupassant, and he partly fulfilled it. But this aspect of Anglo-Indian life was so small in scale and so trivial in quality, and the impact on Kipling of other and starker themes was so strong, that his treatment of sex with a P. & O. luggage label on it never passed from comedy to tragedy. So he escaped the madhouse, and remained in a sense a Maupassant *manqué*.

Soldiering and administration in India raised him to a higher and more humane level. No one else has brought home more powerfully the grandeur and misery of the dual rôle of the British people in India. But even here Kipling's importance is likely to be more historical than artistic, in spite of the fact that in many stories he achieved the timeless within the framework of what now appears to be time-barred. His greatness in this field lies rather in the creation of individualised national and historical types than true individuals. In this Kipling plays the Racine to Wodehouse's Molière.

There is also a Kipling who is not above dealing in literary bric-à-brac from the East, under the influence of the romanticism which I believe is a product of the impact of the Arabian Nights, bowdlerised of course, on the youthful imagination of Occidentals. This Kipling, as indeed all Western fanciers of things oriental, is prone to falsify the theme of Eastern love. The story, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, is a typical instance of this falsification. Mr. Somerset Maugham has praised this story highly, but I am afraid I do not share his enthusiasm. In its intention the story seems to me to be a wholly undeserved idealisation of an Anglo-Muhammadan liaison, and in its execution a piece of decided sentimentality, which if it does not ring wholly false does not ring true either. This weakness makes Kipling romanticise even the bazaar prostitute of India, against whom the military authorities used to warn Thomas Atkins with the utmost realism. We orientals who know oriental love for what it is, are partly amused and partly scandalised by Western attempts to sugar it. Lastly, Kipling was not also completely immune to the abracadabra of Hindu necromancy.

But it is none of these things which constitute the greatness of *Kim*, although even these are suggested here and there in the book. It is the product of Kipling's vision of a much bigger India, a vision whose profundity we Indians would be hard put to it to match even in an Indian language, not to speak of English. He had arrived at a true and moving sense of that India which is almost timeless, and had come to love it.

This India pervades all his books in greater or lesser degree and constitutes the foundation on which he weaves his contrapuntal patterns. In certain books this foundation is virtually the real theme, and so it is in *Kim*. But the book is specially important in this that through it Kipling projects not only his vision of the basic India he knew so well, but also his feeling for the core and the most significant part of this basic India. In order to see what it is, some *à priori* consideration of the Indian scene and Indian life as material for imaginative writing is called for.

ON ACCOUNT of its vastness and variety India is treacherous ground for all foreign writers. The English novelist who feels that the material at home has been worn more or less threadbare and comes to India in search of the new and the exotic sees apparently promising subjects everywhere. He meets the odd and the amusing, the pitiful and the pathetic at every turn. There is not a single mile-long stretch, if he walks all the way from Apollo Bunder to Mount Everest, which will not yield enough material to fill many notebooks. The unwary writer is usually caught by the first gin-trap in his

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path, and writes with awful seriousness or self-conscious art about things on which those who know India will not waste a tear or throw away a smile.

English writers of today are misled even by the conditions of imaginative writing at home. The big themes of English life have apparently been exhausted, and the grand style worked to the full. So what remains for the author out for originality is to skim the odd and the accidental in subject matter, and try the clever or the over-sophisticated manner in treatment. Their example seduces even Indian writers dealing with their own country. Some of them indulge in grotesque Joycean antics when they might have been Homeric. In stark contrast to the literary situation in England, in India it is the big theme and the simple treatment which have remained unexploited—if Kipling is excepted.

It is time to return to them. Great novels can be written about the geography of India alone, assimilating the human beings to the flora and the fauna. There are, for instance, the Himalayas, or if one wants to breathe in a less rarefied air, the wooded hills of the Vindhyas, full of green and dark mystery. Kipling wrote about both, and long before him our greatest Sanskrit poets had done so. Kalidasa's imagination was haunted by the Himalayas, and in one marmoreal phrase he compared their eternal snows to the piled up laughter of Siva. Bhavabhuti, who is only next to Kalidasa, wrote about a part of the Vindhya region: "Here are the Prasravana Hills, with their soft blue made softer still by the ever-drizzling clouds, their caverns echoing the babbling Godavari, their woods a solid mass of azure, made up of tangled foliage." This passage, written in the 8th century, matches Kipling's evocation of the gurgling Waingunga and the home territory of the Seeonee pack.

There is also the vast Indo-Gangetic plain, which is green and dun by turns, conforming to the oscillations of peace and anarchy in India. In the green phases men bend over furrows and sheaves, women crowd round the wells, bullock carts creak leisurely along, fat monkeys watch the doings of their distant kinsfolk from the branches of Neem and Sisam, whose tender shoots they pick and munch unhurriedly. Hardly any form of the power that is keeping the peace is seen anywhere. Occasionally, there is intrusion of power of another kind. A lazy tiger or a bounder of a leopard raids the village byre, but even they are too easy-going to kill more than is necessary to maintain their feline existence and prestige.

So far, cyclically, this phase has alternated with a dun phase, in which the great plain turns khaki. Cavalrymen gallop across it with sloped lances, raising clouds of dust to mark their trail. Man's ferocity outruns his strength. The populace cower in half-ruined villages and thinning scrub, and hyenas carry off children. From their branches the monkeys no longer bear testimony to peace, they stare into the dust haze, shiver and chatter for fear of they-know-not-what hunger-fury that might be lurking in the unseen.

Kipling was equally at home in our plains, hills, and mountains, and like all great novelists he remains firmly œcological. There are in *Kim* not only entrancing descriptions of the Himalayas but a picture of the green phase on the great plain that is uncanny in its combination of romance and actuality. We Indians shall never cease to be grateful to Kipling for having shown the many faces of our country in all their beauty, power, and truth.

As regards the human material the best choice in India is always the simplest choice, namely, the people and their religion. I do not say this because they are obvious. Though ubiquitous, they can be very unobtrusive. The common people of India have through the ages become so adapted to the environment, that they have been absorbed by it. They live like badgers or prairie dogs in their earth, and their religion is as deeply entrenched. This religion is so sure of itself that it does not care about self-assertion, which enables the present ruling class, too Anglicised by half, not only to proclaim the secular state, but even to believe in its existence.

But to those who have an eye for the permanent and a feeling for the elemental,

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the people and their religion furnish material of a tractable kind. In order to deal with it the Western writer does not need that specialised knowledge and sensibility, to acquire which he has inevitably to de-Westernise himself and turn from a creative artist to a propagandist. Many Europeans have paid this price in trying to explore the higher reaches of Hinduism.

KIPLING's artistic and spiritual instincts led him to these elemental and inexhaustible themes, although he may not have been wholly original in his choice, for in this as in many other things he was controlled by the general bias of British rule in India towards the commonalty. But whether completely original or not he stands supreme among Western writers for his treatment of the biggest reality in India, which is made up of the life of people and religion in the twin setting of the mountains and the plain. These four are the main and real characters in *Kim*.

But there is something more as well. The people and religion, the mountains and the plain not only constitute the major features of the physical and moral entity called India, they are also related to one another very intimately. The geography of India exhibits a curious paradox. In northern India there is no intermingling of hill and plain, and in passing from the one to the other a man passes from one world to another. For hundreds of miles the ground does not show any rise at all, and abruptly it soars to snowy heights. At the same time there is an unbreakable articulation between the Himalayas and the Indo-Gangetic plain.

Even Kalidasa, who was ignorant of the true geography of the Himalayas, felt it. He described the Himalayas as a Divine Soul which, dipping in the eastern and western oceans, formed the measuring rod of the earth as known to him. However figuratively expressed, the notion corresponded to a reality in Indian geography, for the entire Indo-Gangetic plain has a northward and snow-ward orientation, and without the Himalayas it would hang loose, to be eroded by winds until the primeval seas which it had filled up came in again.

This unique pattern of separateness and combination is repeated in the relationship between life in the world and religion in India. On the one hand, a Hindu's existence in the temporal order is isolated from his aspirations in the spiritual, while he is in the world he is also of the world, and if he yearns after the spiritual he has to abandon worldly life altogether, even forgetting his name and station in it. In Hinduism the two lives never mingle. This will be disbelieved in the West on account of the widely held notion that spirituality pervades and dominates every aspect of Indian life. This is a fundamental, though natural, mistake. For what really intermingles with worldly life in Hindu society is not religion in the Western sense, but the supernatural in the service of man. Nature's relentless enmity to man in the tropics destroys his self-confidence and leads him to seek the intervention of occult powers, whom he tries to persuade, wheedle, or coerce by means of worship, offerings, and spells, to override natural laws. It is this ever-present spectacle of gods yoked to worldly ends which makes Western observers think that they are seeing an all-pervasive spirituality.

On the other hand, the world is not self-sufficient, not only because even with the supernatural interwoven with it no true spiritual satisfaction can be had out of it, but also because even with the help of the gods the greater majority of men cannot wrest out of the cruel struggle for existence anything beyond a bare survival. So pride of life cannot grow and there is an ever-present sense of mockery in living. Thus, worldly existence hangs in the air like the Indo-Gangetic plain, robbed of all significance, unless it can be given anchorage in true spirituality, which the Hindu imagination has always placed in the Himalayas, the abode of beatitude and salvation. The result is an articulation between worldly life and religion, and the affiliation of this articulation to the geographical articulation between the mountains and the plain, and all the four are fused to make up the highest unity in India.

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Kipling took over this unity, with its fourfold articulation, as the foundation of *Kim*, and superimposed the adventitious themes. He had every right to do so. For, once a writer has grasped the fundamental unity, he is free to put anything on it, and it does not matter whether it is the Anglo-Russian rivalry of the 19th century or the five-year planning of today. The overpowering background will reduce everything set against it to its right proportions, and the Indian engineers will march across it as fleetingly as the Mavericks.

BUT to attribute such a design to Kipling is to turn the blunt Anglo-Saxon that he was into a mountebank of the esoteric. I should certainly have been guilty of this offence if I had suggested that Kipling's larger theme, so far as it conforms to my interpretation, was a deliberate affair. It was not, because Kipling wrote his books by living in his subjects, steeping himself in their atmosphere until the interaction of his own being with the surroundings produced a definite quality of the imagination. No great writer ever looks for a subject, collects details for it, or lays on local colour. He has to experience the particular and the local colour before he has even a feel of the subject. So he builds up his books by an elimination of all details besides those which will force their way in, and not by sprinkling them on the theme from his notebook. Kipling is not that tiresome creature, the notebook novelist of India.

Next, there was the intrinsic quality of his personality. He hit upon the greatest themes in India through his sincere primitiveness, in which there was no archaistic pose. Many Latins have made a fetish of Hindu spirituality, but as soon as they move out of their native logic they slip into a rigmarole which is worse than a Hindu's rigmarole about his own religion. Kipling's perception of Hinduism is the product of a convincing yet mysterious primitiveness. Perhaps it is a northern mystery, to which we who live in the tropics have no key:

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

Kipling had in him more than a touch of the heathenism of the German forests, and he made his way into Hinduism through the long-forgotten common heritage of all the peoples who speak the Indo-European languages. Living in India, he had also become half a *butparast*, idol-worshipper, and it was out of his *butparasti*, idolatry, that he created the amazing *panchayat* or conclave of the gods in the story of *The Bridge-builders*.

But his heathenism was lighted up by the mysticism of northern Christianity. Kipling was something of a denier of the world, who could scoff at success and failure as equal imposture. But his abnegation had nothing in it of the self-mortification of the Hindu Sadhu, whom the ancient Greeks called gymnosophist, or of the anchorites of Syria and the Thebaid. He was able to raise Hindu asceticism, as in the story of Purun Bhagat, above its bed of spikes, and in the quest of the Lama in *Kim* made the negative renunciation of Buddhism the same as the positive faith of Thomas à Kempis.

The Lama, however, raises a difficulty which must be put out of the way. For it may be asked: Why did Kipling, if it was his purpose to illustrate India spiritually, choose a Tibetan and a Buddhist as its exponent? In reply, the point might be made that Buddhism was also one form of Hindu spirituality. But I think, with Kipling, the reason for the choice was different. In the first place, like a good artist, he stood on the firm ground of personal experience. His interest in Buddhism was roused by the Gandhara sculptures in the Lahore museum, of which his father was the curator. It is fashionable now to call this Hellenistic expression of Indian art decadent and even debased. But if it inspired this beautiful quest, we Indians at all events should not be ungrateful to these stones.

But I think there was also a second reason. Hindu spirituality, even at its most unworldly and serene, has a suggestion of power and action, a kind of super-magical motiva-

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tion, which is not consistent with perfect beatitude and mystic quietism. Although ostensibly aiming at the breaking of the cycle of Karma and rebirth, it is found to be entangled in it. So a Hindu's spirituality and his existence in the world are in a subtle way in touch with each other. In his spiritual activities he is like a dynamo, generating electricity, in his worldly life a motor that expends it.

It is very difficult for a non-Hindu to see this latent nexus. It escaped even Kipling. In *Purun Bhagat*, when describing the saint Purun's attempt to save the villagers and the animals from the landslide, he wrote: "He was no longer the holy man, but Sir Purun Dass, K.C.I.E., Prime Minister of no small State, a man accustomed to command, going out to save life." This is wrong, for the man of action at a crisis and the holy man are the same—the distinction is non-existent in Hinduism, for in the ultimate analysis its spirituality is the Old Guard of the cosmos, held in reserve. But although incapable of realising all this consciously, Kipling must have felt that his purpose would not be served by this kind of spiritual greatness. So he created his Lama, mixing Christianity with Buddhism.*

Last of all, he saved the book from all suggestion of pedantry and humbug by putting it in the most English of all English forms of fiction, a serio-comic saga. The English genius is unmatched in the capacity to make the commonplace significant by transforming it into a phantasy or extravaganza. Kipling's achievement is on the same lines—he has made the serious irresistible by lightening its burden.

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* This is not the place to analyse in detail Kipling's treatment of his themes, but it might be pointed out that he conforms to the Hindu view by making the Lama an instrument of power in the eyes of his worldly admirers, but is un-Hindu in making him come back to the plains for the final Enlightenment. This is Christian in spirit.

Fables Of The Moon

To keep an eye on fables of the moon
While feet are walking down the street
Is not the least a man can do,
And may be most.

I think of an old secret.
I walk upon the mart, and swear
It is a man's part so to do,
But not with my whole heart.

It is needed to be quick
And deal the world out with a will.
Gratuitous to think
On a sudden, summer whippoorwill.

Richard Eberhart

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DISCUSSION

The Splinter-Groups

Notes for a Guide-Book

DWIGHT MACDONALD's account of his peregrinations among the exotic flowers of the American left-wing groups in the 1930's was quite charming, but at times slightly vague, written as it was in London, far removed from the scene in space, as well as in time. He writes, for example, of Albert Weisbord who headed, he says, "The Revolutionary League of America—or whatever it was called." Mr. Weisbord was one of the earliest "splinters" from the Trotskyist forest, and he as well as others should be given their due. I have therefore appended some notes on these groups which may be of interest to your readers.

Albert Weisbord, a leader of the Passaic textile strike of 1926, left the Communist Party in 1928 with a small group. After flirting with the Trotskyites for several years, Weisbord conclusively broke all relations and on March 15th, 1931, formed the Communist League of Struggle. In the heraldic announcement of its birth, he wrote: "Not an isolated sect, but a two-fisted hard group of communists is what we are forming." Its seven years of existence were lean; each one ended with the loss of another member, with Weisbord the lonely survivor at the end. (In 1937 Weisbord retired from revolutionary activism to revolutionary contemplation and published a huge two-volume work, *The Conquest of Power*. In the late 1940's Weisbord, his views tempered, became an AFL organiser in New England.)

A second splinter party was formed by B. J. Field, who achieved a limited prominence in the New York hotel strike of 1934. Disagreeing sharply with the Trotskyite trade-union tactics (he thought he was bigger than the party, declared James P. Cannon, the party's big man), Field led out a group of eight and united with two Lovestoneite dissidents, Ben Gitlow and Lazar Becker (who in May 1933 had formed the Workers Communist League), to create the Organization Committee for a Revolutionary Workers Party.* The two ex-Lovestoneites did not tarry long in the OCFARWP, however, but joined the Socialist Party, and Field settled down with the League for a Revolutionary Workers Party. Field proceeded to negotiations with Weisbord, but these broke down, Field concluding indignantly that "it is impossible to see how such a group with such policies and leadership can contribute anything toward building a genuine revolutionary International." Field tried his luck with the "Italian Left Fraction of Communism" (a three-man group who subscribed to the theories of Amadeo Bordiga, a flaming Italian ex-Trotskyite), the members of which had just previously worn themselves out in fruitless negotiations with Weisbord. In January 1936 Field announced that "eight fundamental questions of the revolutionary movement were discussed and complete political agreement has been arrived at." Mysteriously, however, despite complete political agreement, unity was not forthcoming. Nevertheless, Field still kept trying and two months later sought unity with the Oehler group, but the seed bore no fruit. In May 1936 his membership became restive and Field lost the "Fieldites"; the majority outvoted Field and voted to rejoin the Trotskyites. The minority group dissolved in ignominious circumstances. The group, in order to move its revolutionary documents—and mimeograph machine—from the old headquarters, hired a horse and wagon to transfer these possessions from the Bronx to the cellar of a comrade's house in Brooklyn. On the way, however, the horse collapsed in the street and died. Rather than face the *gendarmerie* who came over inquisitively to the scene, the two young comrades in charge of the expedition—one is now a noted writer and a sometime correspondent of *The Economist*—fled precipitately; as did the remainder of the group on hearing of the débâcle.

The largest of the splinter groups was the Revolutionary Workers League, led initially by Hugo Oehler, Tom Stamm, and Rosario Negrete, whose differences with the Trotskyite Workers Party arose out of the "French Turn." This was a manœuvre, ordered by Trotsky in late 1934, to enter the Socialist parties throughout the world and steer them in a leftward direction. The Oehlerites feared the dilution of their revolutionary purity and

* When charged with having ignored the Trotskyites during the strike, Field replied: "I could not get in contact with you even if I wanted to; you haven't even got a telephone in your office." "That was true," admitted Cannon in his *History of American Trotskyism*. "We had no telephone. That deficiency was a relic of our isolation . . . when we had no need of a telephone because nobody wanted to call us up, and we couldn't call anyone. Besides, up till then we couldn't afford a telephone."

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bolted. The Revolutionary Workers League was formed in November 1935, but immediately defections, expulsions, and splitlets took place. In November 1937, at the historic third plenum of the RWL, Oehler and Stamm had a great falling-out. The latter insisted that Trotskyism had degenerated in 1928; the former placed 1934 as the year of the original sin. In addition, differences had cropped up on the trade-union question, on Spain, democratic centralism, and sundry other issues. Stamm upped and left, but claimed the same name for his group of the Revolutionary Workers League. Both organisations elected their comrade Negrete, who at the moment was languishing in a GPU jail in Spain, as a member of their respective executive committees. When he returned to the United States he was greeted at the docks by two delegations, each with banners proclaiming the name of the organisation and the announcement that he had been elected to both. (Negrete chose the Oehlerites.)

The idea of schism proved contagious and there soon began a new split in the Revolutionary Workers League led by Karl Mienov, who formed the Marxist Workers League (not to be confused with the Marxist Workers League, a previous splinter from the RWL which lasted three weeks before its two members rejoined the Trotskyites; nor is there much space here for the numerous Trotskyites and ex-Trotskyites, who renounced Marxism altogether and went syndicalist, as did Joseph Zack (Kornfeder), who started the One Big Union Club and the Equalitarian Society). The initial issue of the inevitable theoretical organ, *Spark* (named in honour of Lenin's pre-revolutionary magazine *Iskra*, or "spark" in Russian), proclaimed that "to be wrong on the Spanish war means to open the door wide open to social patriotism in the coming world imperialist war. . . . We are proud that we split from such a centrist group."* However, Mienov's group was not immune to the law of faction formation and fission. Mienov held that Trotskyism could not be reformed but must be smashed; the minority dissented. A third "faction," a single individual named Stanford, held a unique political position: "I don't like Mienov," he wrote in *Spark*. Appalled by this caprice, Mienov retorted: "What sort of principled position is this? . . . We can gauge Comrade Stanford's sincerity by the fact that rather than give out leaflets for the revolution, he prefers to study for exams at Brooklyn College." Mienov, Apocrypha relates, now alone, soon developed schizophrenia and split with himself.

Another Oehlerite split-off was the Leninist League of George Marlen formed at the beginning of 1938. "While definitely anti-gynæcocratic," observes an historian, Max Shachtman, "and taking no formal position on exogamy or endogamy, it is based fundamentally on the primitive gens in so far as one must be a blood relation of the immediate family, or at least related to it by marriage, in order to qualify for membership. This has the unfortunate effect of somewhat reducing the arena of recruitment, but it does guarantee against contamination."

This by no means exhausts the number of the Trotskyite splinter groups of the period, or the growth of anarchist sects, deviants from the Socialist Labour Party, and other political spores that so profusely filled the air in this period. With the coming World War II, the sects began to decline. An effort to unite the League for a Revolutionary Workers Party, the Revolutionary Labour Group, and the Marxist Workers League failed. Gradually, all these groups faded into oblivion.

DANIEL BELL

Paris

* Mienov favoured a "defeatist" versus a "defensist" position, two terms that were central to Lenin's strategy. The latter meant critical support of a régime, such as Lenin gave to Kerensky in the July days when the Kornilov armies threatened to overthrow the February Revolution; the former meant sabotaging the home government (turning the "imperialist war into a civil war") in order to precipitate a revolution. Oehler advocated that workers in Spain be defensists; Mienov was a defeatist.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *For a fuller account of all this see Mr. Bell's monograph, "A History of Marxian Socialism in the United States," which appears in "Socialism and American Life," edited by Egbert and Persons, Princeton University Press, 1952.*]

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COMMENT

"THE UNBELOVED COUNTRY"

MR. WELCH'S article: Fantastic! Incredible!—Because it analyses the situation in South Africa with a lucidity and sense of proportion that one had almost despaired of ever witnessing.

"Fantastic" and "incredible" were the comments of several liberals here with whom I have discussed the article—but fantastic and incredible in an uncomplimentary manner, and it is in anticipation of your receiving criticisms of the article that I am writing in support of it.

It *is* the "hero-versus-villain, good-versus-evil" outlook of the liberal in South Africa which, by over-simplification of the issues, confuses them; and which by exercising only a partisan humanitarianism, denies it. This outlook makes a demi-god out of Father Huddleston and a devil out of Mr. Strydom. It makes intelligent discussion of racial problems here almost completely impossible—reducing even intellectual argument to the level where sincerity of viewpoint is confused with intellectual honesty.

Whether or not the situation here develops into wholesale bloodshed depends upon the outcome of the neck-and-neck race between the realisation of the dream of a "Night of the Long Knives" and the extent to which the Native can stand up to the vicious oppression to which he is subjected without degeneration into a listless submissiveness.

This degeneracy is not a wild hypothesis. Anyone who is acquainted with the dangerously high incidence of either alcoholism or cynical indifference, or both, among the Native intelligentsia will understand what I mean. Frustration is a poison that works both ways.

Nevertheless, the Native in South Africa is practically the only person whose viewpoint is identical with Mr. Colin Welch's. His opinion of white liberalism is summed up in his polite but cynical smile. Respect is something which he reserves almost exclusively for his oppressors. He knows the issues at stake as well as does the Afrikaner—Conquer or Die.

A Native journalist once summed up the difference between honesty and sincerity with regard to the situation here in South Africa: "If someone pushes you over the edge of a cliff, you might be quite sincere in worrying how you are going to pay your hospital bills; but it would be more honest to say your prayers."

The only honest point of discussion in South Africa today is: Who is going to get pushed over the cliff? And what is perhaps even more unfortunate is that this point is the only honest basis for action for those who have their roots in what might once have become a great country.

J. T. GOLDBLATT

Johannesburg, South Africa

THE MARQUIS' SHADOW

I LIKED and admired Mr. Kristol's article in the February ENCOUNTER, but as an American I was naturally struck with surprise at Mr. Kristol's "The belief that happiness could be a *political* goal was first announced by the French Revolution." Whatever Saint-Just may have boasted, it is our own Declaration of Independence which can claim that honour. The first time, I think, that the pursuit of happiness was ever written into the law structure of any country.

JANET WHITNEY

Birmingham

MR. KRISTOL asks in "The Shadow of the Marquis" why *right* and *left* in politics (*right*=conservative; *left*=radical) obtained at the French Revolution, and offers a metaphysical, pseudo-Freudian explanation. Let him read Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* (II.1.26), where Menenius says: "us of the right-hand file," i.e. the Roman aristocrats. Here the word is taken from the military: the right of a battle line was always considered to be more important, nobler in a sense. I suppose this has to do with the greater strength, agility, and quickness of the right arm, at least usually.

GÖSTA LANGENFELT

Stockholm

SCHOLARS AND COMMUNISTS

BEING a slow reader of magazines, I have only now read Dwight Macdonald's account in the December ENCOUNTER of the circumstances under which Professor Bendix felt obliged to withdraw his paper from the recent sociology congress in Amsterdam. I have had a similar experience, which might be of interest.

In August 1955 we had a similar jamboree of

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political scientists in Stockholm. I was there in charge of a Round Table on the problems of democracy. Russians, Poles, and Jugoslavs were present. The Russian delegate delivered a speech on democracy in which he condemned all "bourgeois" democracy and told us that the Soviet state was a perfect model of proletarian democracy, and that several political parties were not necessary, because in Russia the Communist Party represented all the people. In my reply I ventured to say that his speech was a propaganda speech, and not even a good one at that, because he had just repeated the usual slogans of Communist propaganda and not avoided misrepresentations.

More interesting were the Jugoslavs. They, too, had their ideas about "social" democracy and told us that the liberal plenitude of political parties was just wickedness. I got no reply, however, when I asked them what other choice between different *possibilities* they had in Jugoslavia when they had but one political party; when I asked them for example whether the members of a co-operative farm could vote for different lists of people whom they wanted to be ruled by.

A prominent British delegate, together with the secretary-general, took me aside one evening and tried to reprimand me on my "discourteous" behaviour towards the Jugoslavs—quickly retreating, however, when I took them to consult the (American) president of the Association about it. . . .

After the Stockholm Congress, UNESCO commissioned me to write a full report on the discussions. I did so under the title "Democracy 1955: An Unagonized Reappraisal" — mentioning the criticisms of my view that for any democracy a choice between two or more political groups is a necessary condition, but sticking to my point. When it turned out that UNESCO had no funds available for publication of the report, IPSA tried to get the rights of publication for me so that I might try to get it published elsewhere. This proved to be difficult, however — it was the same Mr. Thomas Marshall of UNESCO whom you quote in your article, and let me therefore give you his exact words: ". . . I have had some discussion on this paper with my colleagues here and, obviously, it deserves to be published. Normally we should regard it as important that UNESCO's share in the activities which led up to it should be given due credit. In this case, however, I am not quite certain how far I should welcome publicity of this kind, not because I consider the report is in any way a bad one—on the contrary, it is very interesting—but because it reads as the expression of a purely individual opinion rather than as the report of an international discussion. I therefore thought it would be worthwhile to write to you in this informal way to ask whether you felt there was any chance that Dr. Barents could revise his manuscript so as to give it more of the appearance of an account of what was said by the advocates and the critics of Western democracy. Possibly, also, there are one or two passages which it would be politic to tone down, though without in any way altering their basic meaning. . . ."

In reply I said that I had *had* to give a slightly personal twist on account of the contradictory and confusing character of the discussions in the Stockholm Round Table, and as to Mr. Marshall's latter objection I wrote: ". . . Toning down certain passages of the report would be rather hard to swallow for me, because I intended the strong condemnation of certain political views in the report, not as a polite way of implying that, though not consonant with my views, they were in themselves either logical or wise. Too much nonsense was said for that. . . ."

Mr. Marshall's verdict: UNESCO did not object to publication, provided no reference to UNESCO was made in the text. Or as the secretary of IPSA put it: ". . . In substance UNESCO would be prepared to authorise publication if all reference to UNESCO be eliminated; in other terms, it should be impossible for the reader to conclude from the book that it has in any way any association with UNESCO."

DR. J. BARENTS

Amsterdam, Holland

IN YOUR December 1956 and February 1957 issues, Dwight Macdonald suggests some curious conclusions from facts supplied to him by Professor Reinhard Bendix in connection with the "suppression" of a paper by the latter at the Amsterdam Sociological Congress of 1956.

To begin with, the term "suppression" is quite inapplicable. It might fit a decision not to use it if no other channels existed through which Bendix could communicate whatever truths are contained in it. But this is *not* the case. It was not the intention of those who took the decision to prevent this or any other information or theory reaching the world, and their willingness to see the paper left out of the programme of the Congress was conditioned by the fact that they knew that other means of expression are open to Bendix.

The main feature of the Congress was the presence, for the first time at such a gathering, of massive delegations from behind the Iron Curtain. The programme was planned when the events of Warsaw and Budapest had not merely not occurred but were foreseen by no one. All that was known was that some degree of thaw had set in. A desire to assist it, rather than thwart it by what would clearly have been interpreted as an act of deliberate hostility, seems to me neither dishonourable, nor a betrayal of the ideals of truth and science, nor even tactically unwise.

The question is—is Mr. Macdonald aspiring to teach us ethics, or political tactics? At either level he has a case of kinds, but at each it is one very questionable in all good faith.

Take ethics first. One of the morals to be drawn from Stalinism, indeed touchingly proclaimed by one of the manifestos of the Hungarian revolution, is that truth cannot be sacrificed with impunity. But it is *also* a lesson of Warsaw and Budapest, and perhaps of the Moscow thaw, that men involved in Stalinism are not beyond reclamation, and that in Communist countries at any rate, honourable and intelligent men have been inevitably involved in it and had to compromise with it. Courteous and diplomatic relations with them may help their liberation without necessarily amounting to intellectual

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treason, and certainly nothing adduced by Macdonald shows that it amounted to it on this occasion. Some compromise is inevitable both for the partial realisation of ideals and for survival, but it is not clear that anything *was* compromised in this case.

But perhaps Macdonald considers all persons holding responsible positions on the other side of the Iron Curtain to be beyond redemption, and consequently deplores any diplomatic relations with them. His final remarks about UNESCO suggest this. Perhaps he approves the conduct of an Ambassador of his country who demonstratively refused to shake hands with a Soviet envoy at UNO. Are demonstrations of hostility and contempt to replace attempts at establishing contact (attempts which I hold should indeed be discriminating, and uncompromising on essentials)? It is difficult to see how that would serve the interests of survival, or indeed of the purer moral ideal of restoring liberty where it is absent (if Macdonald's heroic morality cares for justice only though the heavens literally fall). The only possible advantage of such a policy, apart from gaining the support of some sections of the U.S. public, is the emotional gratification of ex-ultra-leftists who cannot forgive the world for having once been deceived.

On the level of tactics, Macdonald may be right. At East–West gatherings, it is quite possible that potential trans-curtain liberals find more solace and encouragement from Westerners who speak their minds than from those who are over-diplomatic. But perhaps the realisation of this does not exclude some discrimination in choice of topic, at least during the first encounter when contacts are being established. Or perhaps it does. I do not wish to emulate Mr. Macdonald in dogmatism or in a comic holier-than-thou attitude. Judging by all reports, it would in fact have made little difference to the temper of most of the Eastern delegations if a paper about an Eastern dictatorship had been read. On other occasions it might. But in no case is the issue as simple as Macdonald's vehemence and moralism suggest.

ERNEST GELLNER

London, S.W.15

[*Mr. Macdonald replies:*

(1) The Concise Oxford defines "suppress" as "withhold or withdraw from publication," which is what happened to Dr. Bendix's paper; of course he could have published it elsewhere—so can the author of a suppressed book publish it in Morocco or Finland. Let's compromise on "repressed." . . . (2) I don't think all, or even most, "men involved in Stalinism" are "beyond redemption," I approve of "courteous and diplomatic relations" with them, I think many of the satellite intellectuals and even some of the Russian ones can be influenced by free discussion with their Western counterparts (though I doubt that many of the Russians of this sort would be allowed to attend international congresses), and, difficult as I find it—as an ex-ultra-leftist—to forgive the world for my own past self-deceptions, I do favour cultural contacts with individuals behind the Iron Curtain. But I'm not willing to pay as high a price for these contacts as Dr. Gellner seems to be. My price doesn't include preventing Western scholars from commenting critically on Soviet institutions and practices. I see nothing "discourteous" about permitting such latitude, without which I don't see how there can be any serious exchange of ideas. (3) If my morality is really so "heroic" (read "absurd"), and my general attitude so dogmatically holier-than-thou, it seems odd that on the tactical plane Dr. Gellner should have to concede "Macdonald may be right." I suggest that in fact the *sævo indignatio* is on the other foot, so to speak.]

"TWO WANDERING SATELLITES"

WHY does Mr. Peter Wiles make such heavy weather of the reasons why Hungarian Jewish Communists had less hesitation in calling on the Red Army than their non-Jewish Communist colleagues? The obvious reason is that this much-vaunted Hungarian revolution is not a struggle dominated by lovers of freedom so much as by Fascist and anti-Semitic groups hiding behind a democratic façade. It is quite obvious from the reaction of Hungarian refugees over here that they were animated by no altruistic or ideological principle but by a crude and greedy impulse for individual self-betterment which they now find, on inspection of a poverty-stricken Britain, to have been misguided.

HENRY ADLER

London, S.W.7

[*Mr. Wiles replies:*

MR. Adler's impressions of the Hungarian revolution correspond at no point with what I personally saw and heard in Hungary. Let me tell him only one little story. Freedom fighters in Budapest caught four AVH officers. They were all in their eyes equally guilty, but one was a Jew (there were disproportionately many Jews in the AVH). They shot the other three on the spot, but delivered the Jew for safe keeping to the militia—"we must keep ourselves clear of all anti-Semitism."

Mr. Adler lacks the insight to perceive the moral climate of the revolution. Anti-Semitism, a deep-rooted Hungarian vice, was just what it did not give rein to. The refugees are evidently a very mixed and unrepresentative bag, as refugees usually are. Might not Mr. Adler have at least thought of that?]

IN DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

I SHOULD like to make the following points about Mr. Angus Wilson's attack on the Church of England, which so ingeniously combined an irritated waspishness with a tone of aloof superiority.

(1) He did not appear to realise that he was reviewing a book published by a Church of England publisher, which, incidentally, he describes as "a fascinating study," and which, too, by its honesty and sympathetic understanding of its subject, sup-

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plied Mr. Wilson with his most effective arguments.

(2) One other argument about John Wesley was supplied some time ago by Lord Macaulay, and has grown stale with repetition. If the Church of England failed to keep John Wesley and his movement, it should be said in its defence that no other denomination produced such a man during the unenthusiastic 18th century. The suspicion of mysticism and personal religion was not confined to the Church of England at that time. The condemnation of Quietism and Jansenism by the Roman Catholic Church was in part the product of a similar mood. John Wesley was not, at any rate, imprisoned or burnt. The Church of England has had and still has a number of mystics, as Mr. Wilson must very well know. Incidentally, its attitude neither to science nor to mysticism should be regarded as a kind of manœuvre that pays or does not pay dividends. A Church should be judged by whether its members have been proclaiming what is true or false, right or wrong, though, admittedly, really deep insight into such matters may be found only in a minority.

(3) I have been bred and born in the Church of England and cannot judge it in the way someone does from outside. I am aware of many of its faults both now and in the past, but they should, I submit, be treated in a more responsible and scholarly manner than by your reviewer. I should say that those who are attracted by the *esprit de système* will often turn elsewhere. I deplore it when they do, because what gives me claustrophobia often appears to enable them to be most self-sacrificing leaders of great religious revivals and far to outshine those who cannot follow them. But, for me, co-operation with such is difficult, for I feel I must, from my point of view, be as uncompromising as they are. Perhaps it is Mr. Wilson's attraction to the *esprit de système* that makes him such a militantly irreligious humanist. Those who feel that neither a Calvinist nor a Papal theology give adequate expression to their faith and are suspicious of what they regard as simplified intellectual formulæ will look on the Church of England with some sympathy. It does not worry me in the least that my views differ in a number of ways from those of Messrs. Eliot, Auden, or Betjeman. I rejoice, on the contrary, that, differing as we do, we can at any rate worship together. I hope they feel the same about me.

(4) There are a number of activities in which members of the Church of England have taken a lead, and of which I should have thought Mr. Wilson approved. Surely the desire to welcome new scientific knowledge and to use its techniques, such as the new historical method, to gain a better understanding of their religion is to be commended rather than criticised. Again, the recognition by men like the late Archbishop Temple that industrial society had to undergo a radical transformation, though such recognition has now lost some of its significance, might have won Mr. Wilson's approval. At the present moment members of the Church of England are opposing racialism in Africa and elsewhere. Some of them are taking active steps to help the world's millions of refugees. Others, of course, are concerned with carrying on traditional forms of charity and upholding traditional morality.

It should be emphasised, too, that the Church is no longer an English Church, but has more members outside than in England, using the liturgies in their native languages, and free of the state connection. It is also taking a leading part in the œcumenical movement which is drawing together different denominations in every part of the world and trying to work out plans for the reunion of the Churches. To my mind this way of dealing with what, from different standpoints, is regarded as heresy and schism is more truly Christian than the insistence than one Church alone is the true Church and has the right, therefore, to demand unconditional surrender. The œcumenical movement's devoted work and achievements in a number of fields have been of an outstanding excellence.

Finally may I add that whatever has been the attitude taken up to "the lower middle class" people, described in Mr. Balleine's book, by the Church of England, because its members have something in common with them, they do not provide glib, rationalistic explanations of their often strange and incoherent visions, nor do they write superior, ironical essays about them as a form of light entertainment for the complacently self-satisfied or the pesudo-sophisticated. That final cruelty has at least been reserved for others.

NEVILLE MASTERMAN

University College, Swansea

[*Mr. Wilson replies:*

Mr. Masterman has chosen to take my remarks upon what I believe to be the failure of the Church of England to maintain or win considerable numbers of adherents in this country as a general condemnation of his Church. If my remarks are read in relation to Mr. Balleine's book on Joanna Southcott and her followers, the limitations of my criticisms are, I think, apparent. Of course in a Church aiming at comprehension there are many groups with a liberal, social, and ethical outlook. Mr. Masterman cites some; many more could be added. As a liberal, these elements command my full respect. There are also, as he says, many persons upholding more traditional forms of charity and more traditional views of morality. With these I am likely to be less in agreement. One could argue that the latter predominate as far as English life is concerned; but that would not lessen the esteem one must give to the liberal elements in the Church. To respect the liberal-minded or the undogmatic and comprehensive does surely preclude questioning their success in winning adherents. Much that I have written in fictional form has attempted to assess the qualities found in agnostic or secular liberals like myself, which have limited *their* success. Only the more uneasy supporters of secular liberalism have supposed from this that I was an opponent of liberalism. Mr. Masterman perhaps feels that only a Churchman should question the success of the Church—"aloof superiority" suggests that he means "impertinent interference from outside." I should not myself object to his questioning the success of agnostic liberalism. In any case I cannot accept such an objection, particularly in the

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case of a state Church, whose policies and actions in great degree affect the laws and customs of a country in which so many of us who are not Christians live.

Some extreme dogmatisms, some violent zealotries no liberal institution of course—religious or secular—can comprehend. But this is not the whole story. Traditional institutions, liberal as well as restrictive, religious as well as secular, acquire a subtle social and emotional atmosphere which may separate and isolate. This, I suspect, is true of the Church of England in relation to the urban lower middle class and working classes. Mr. Balleine's book fortified this suspicion. As Mr. Masterman points out, the author himself provided me with many of my arguments: I did not pretend otherwise. Nor was I unaware that the S.P.C.K. was a Church of England publisher—fifteen years' work in the principal copyright library had taught me this. If the leaders of the sects of which Mr. Balleine wrote were a hard core of fanatics whom no Church could comprehend, their followers were not always such people. Many of them wished to remain in the Church, indeed even declared that they were still her children. I thought—as I believe Mr. Balleine did—that their story was a tragic one. I tried to suggest certain reasons why the Church had failed to include them. If I had been so fierce an opponent of his Church as Mr. Masterman seems to think, I would hardly have regretted their separation from her so much. It was my contention that, despite certain elements of compromise, the Church had not secured further adherents and had excluded these more visionary ones. That in the eyes of Churchmen these compromises are comprehensions of truth does not prevent non-Christians from assessing their effect on the Church's power.

I simply do not accept Mr. Masterman's statement that community of certain basic religious beliefs makes people more sympathetic in their treatment of one another. My approach to the people described in Mr. Balleine's book was one of sympathy mixed with some irony; so was Mr. Balleine's. If Mr. Masterman can read of some of their excesses without a certain amusement, then he has very much changed from the days when we were at school together. As to glib, rationalistic explanations, I explicitly said that medico-psychological terms could be found to describe their behaviour, but that such descriptions were the least interesting aspect of their story.]

THE DAILY MAIL ON EGYPT

When I read Dwight Macdonald's attack on my reporting of the Egyptian situation, an attack which appeared in your February issue, my first reaction was that of the famous American industrialist who said: "I don't care what they write about me as long as they spell my name right."

Recently, however, I have reread the article in question and feel that I must endeavour to answer Mr. Macdonald's imputation that I am a liar. And, at the same time, defend the veracity of the stories that appeared in *The Daily Mail*, my ex-employer (if an inanimate object can be considered as employing anybody).

First let me point out that Mr. Macdonald was travelling on an American passport—something which, I agree, enabled him to travel freely within the boundaries of Egypt. Secondly, he was there to do, it would seem, a reportage on the wonders of the tourists' Egypt.

I, who had lived in that country for two years continuously, knew a different Egypt.

My "coup of long-range (sorry, long-distance) psychoanalysis" was not such a miracle or even so clairvoyant as Mr. Macdonald seems to suggest. Despite the fact that I was interned and not allowed to move about, I was allowed to buy newspapers. I read every day, and brought with me when I was expelled, copies of *The Egyptian Gazette* and the two French newspapers. In addition I was also allowed to read, from time to time, the translation of the Arabic press issued daily by the Middle East News Agency. If, instead of being on a tourist trip, Mr. Macdonald had stayed in Cairo and read these things, he would have had no doubt about Colonel Nasser's confidence or sense of triumph.

But let me answer Mr. Macdonald's points as he raised them.

(1) "In the Cairo streets there is an increasing number of cars bearing the Russian flag." I am truly sorry Mr. Macdonald did not see any—I would be the last to cast any reflection on his ability as a reporter. Yet there were. There were also cars bearing United States, Swiss, Belgian, Dutch, and other flags. On the recommendation of the Ministry of the Interior, Embassy cars and cars belonging to the citizens of friendly countries were advised to carry a flag or banner denoting their nationality in order that they would not be mistaken for British or French citizens. And the fleet of Russian cars was largely increased about this time.

(2) "Permission is needed to move from one town to another." Dear oh dear, Mr. Macdonald, do you forget that you are American? Would it not have been more honest to stress that point in your article? In fact, there was a Ministry of the Interior order prohibiting movement between Cairo and other towns of Egypt without express permission of the Security Authorities. If you wish it, I can furnish the names of a number of people who tried and were forced to return to Cairo for lack of such permission. I can also give the names of people who were allowed to move to another town after they had obtained the necessary permission. Of course I am speaking about French and British subjects.

(3) Mr. Macdonald suggests that extra police were on duty to protect foreigners against possible attacks from the mob. Nonsense! The "mob" is so subdued, so cowed today that they would not dare attack anybody without express permission from Nasser's Government. And Mr. Macdonald can be sure that, if it had suited him or his policy, Nasser would have ordered mob attacks. There was indeed one such attack, outside Cairo, but I will refer to that later.

(4) The censorship was, apparently, lifted last summer. But editors had to act as their own censors, and they were warned that anything that appeared

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in their papers that was contrary to the Government's policy, or harmful to its good name, would result in action being taken against them. In addition there was a list of some fifty items which had to be submitted for approval before publication—and these included statements about Egypt's economic situation, about fluctuation in cotton prices, and similar seemingly harmless items. I was employed as an editor by *The Egyptian Gazette* for part of this "censor-free" period and remember the exceptions well.

(5) The black-out continued after the cease-fire agreement and in fact remained in force up to, and perhaps beyond, November 24th, the date of my expulsion. Where was the bombing then, Mr. Macdonald? Your eye was apparently too piercing, or are you happy to further the Egyptian propaganda stories that the British continued bombing and offensive air missions after the cease-fire?

(6) "As for the stripping of our women" (how Mr. Macdonald loves to jeer). On the plane which brought me out of Egypt there were, among others, a British widow of seventy, a schoolmistress in her early thirties, the British wife of a bank director. They were ALL stripped in a room with an uncurtained window. The *Daily Mail*, wisely, I think, did not publish their names in order to avoid causing them even more embarrassment than they had already suffered. I'll send you their names, Mr. Macdonald, if it will help you. I'm sure they would appreciate it.

(7) There was no mention of the remarkable fact that not a single foreigner was attacked, says Mr. Macdonald. You bet your life there wasn't because it would not have been true. Perhaps if Mr. Macdonald read the Egyptian press, which, from his article, I doubt very much, he would have seen a series of reports of how the British and French fired on a party of foreign journalists who were on the Egyptian side of the firing line—*after the cease-fire*. The *Pravda* and Tass correspondents gave personal statements to the Egyptian press about this incident. The true facts were that this party of journalists (I am quoting Mr. Macdonald's fellow countrymen) were fired on by an Egyptian mob, with the weapons given to them by the Government. They were pinned down for hours and it was not until a detachment of the Egyptian army rescued them that they were enabled to continue.

It is, I suppose, stupid of me, but I keep forgetting that Mr. Macdonald is American and, true citizen of that great country that he is, he merely follows, in his article, the American Government policy that the Egyptians can do no wrong and the British and French were responsible for all that happened.

Let me remind Mr. Macdonald that the situation at the end of October was caused, primarily, by Mr. Dulles's blunt and undiplomatic manner of withdrawing America's proferred help to construct the High Dam at Aswan.

Allow me, also, to point out that I am one of the many millions of British subjects who heartily approved of the joint Anglo-French action. If we made a mistake at that time it was to be cowed by American threats. What we should have done was to take—capture if you like—the whole of the Canal Zone. In fact, it would have been a great and glorious thing if we had helped the Israelis to cross the Canal and joined them in capturing (I prefer the word "liberating"—it is current and acceptable to American policy makers) the whole of the Delta and Cairo itself.

JULIAN DE KASSEL

Bolzano, Italy

[*Mr. Macdonald replies:*

Mr. de Kassel—I apologise for adding an "l" to his name—is angry because (a) I am an American, and (b) I spent my time in Luxor and other tourist places instead of in Cairo, hence lacked the information to criticise his *Daily Mail* article. I can't do anything about (a), but on (b) he should know that, except for two days at Luxor, I spent my whole three-and-a-half weeks in Cairo. (The confusion apparently arises because he read only my tourist notes in the February issue, and didn't see the long article in the preceding issue.)

To reply briefly to his numbered points: (1) I merely said I didn't see any Russian flags, and since I was, as a popular American (and justly popular, may I add?), free to roam about Cairo the whole time, while Mr. de Kassel was immured in the Semiramis Hotel, I think my impressions are more valid than his. (2) But did *Egyptians*—who, after all, rather outnumber French and British subjects in Egypt—have to get permission? (3) Other "British subjects" in Cairo at the time didn't share my critic's confidence in Nasser's cowing of the mob—and if they were so cowed, why did he need so many police to protect his régime (which is the reason Mr. de Kassel's article gave for their presence)? (4) and (5) I accept the correction about censorship, but suggest that the continuance of the black-out beyond the actual bombings was reasonable enough, since nobody knew if or when the bombings might begin again. (6) I stated "I don't know if this happened or not," noting that in other newspapers a different story was told. (7) I hadn't heard about the British and French journalists being fired upon by an Egyptian mob, and am glad Mr. de Kassel has recorded this exception to my generalisation. But only one such incident, and in the war zone, is surely a minuscule amount of hostile mob action, under such provocation, in a Middle Eastern country, I still think Mr. de Kassel might have mentioned the remarkable forbearance, even friendliness, of the Egyptian people toward English and French nationals during the bombings, instead of building up precisely the opposite impression.]

"COMMONWEALTH POETRY"

I PRESUME Mr. Wright's point of view, in his review of the two recent anthologies of Australian and New Zealand poetry, is that which he has kindly summarised in the quotation from T. S. Eliot which heads his review. "A national literature comes to consciousness at the stage at which any young writer must be aware of several generations behind him . . . and among them several writers generally acknowledged to be great." Mr. Wright begins with a fallacy. Who is to be the judge of when the great

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writer appears or when the tradition is established? Does Mr. Eliot or Mr. Wright pull out his stop-watch and say, "Now, my dear boy, the requisite number of generations since your forefathers came here has been fulfilled, now you may begin to write"?

Mr. Wright or Mr. Eliot might have found some interesting analogies between the expansion of the English into the Antipodes and their earlier invasion of England. It may interest Mr. Wright to know that Australia is no further from England in point of time now than the Anglo-Saxons were from their homeland in A.D. 600. However, the Anglo-Saxons after two hundred years of conquest and settlement began to produce literature which is considered to be tolerably mature. But apparently Australia, for some reason I cannot make out, is debarred from producing any literature, or great writers unless they first (a) go to England or (b) live in a tradition. The Anglo-Saxons did not presumably consult the Germanic tribes around the Elbe before writing Beowulf, nor did Alfred ask himself whether he was in the tradition before writing his translation of Boethius.

The trouble with Mr. Wright is that he really knows very little of Australia. Otherwise he might have realised that Judith Wright's anthology should be assessed in comparison with others. There have been anthologies before, but Judith Wright's is the first which shows genuine critical discrimination. Up to now far too many of them, like the New Zealand one, have been concerned with cramming as many names into the books as can be accommodated without bursting the bindings.

It is true that Judith Wright's anthology consists of poetry written in English in Australia. But it does express an experience which is Australian though in a language which is English. Is there anything wrong in this? Mr. Wright seems to resent the fact. He seems to assume that though people may emigrate they cannot take their literature with them or that at best it will be a pale reflection. This is true of early Australian poetry, like the early Australian painting which painted Antipodean scenes in the colours of the English countryside. It is not true now. But according to Mr. Wright the literary tradition if transplanted will either wilt at the edges or become excessively and obstreperously self-conscious. If this is so, then English is a more sensitive plant than I had assumed it to be. . . .

M. Bryn Davies

Department of English
The University of Adelaide
Australia

EAST MEETS WEST

In his February "Reflections," Macdonald wrote: "The Cairo Museum. Mysterious sign at the ticket window: 'THE CLERK IS NOT OBLIGED TO GIVE CHANGE.' "

Believe me, these signs are not the prerogative of the mysterious East, for the London Transport Executive are equally emphatic, for in their General Notices they also state quite dogmatically that: "THE EXECUTIVE ARE UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO GIVE CHANGE."

A small thing but, who knows, maybe the beginning of a rapprochement between the bureaucracies of the East and West.

Arthur Moyse

London, W.14

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Dwight Macdonald

Politics Past (2)

6.

IN THE spring of 1940, the Trotskyists split, Cannon retaining the Socialist Workers Party, while Shachtman founded the Workers Party (originality in nomenclature was not a strong point of the American Left). I went into the W.P., but Burnham, although he had been co-leader of our group right up to the split, didn't.* Burnham's sudden evaporation was a special blow to me because he had stood for a more democratic and less orthodox party than Shachtman who, understandably, given his political background, wanted to get the new party back on the Leninist rails rather than press on to fresh triumphs of free-thinking. The shock of the German break-through in Europe that June created another difficulty. It stimulated me to make a study of Nazi society, especially the post-Schacht economy, which in turn led me to conclude that Nazism was neither socialism nor capitalism but something for which Marxian theory had no place, namely, "bureaucratic collectivism"—Burnham had argued much the same thesis about Russia while he was in the party, which didn't help—and this in turn led me to write a 30,000-word article about my discoveries for the *New International*. The editors were not enthusiastic; they were, frankly, rather disappointed in the article, which struck them as half-baked, superficial, trivial, boring, and badly written. They finally agreed, under prodding, to print 4,000 words. Since everything else I'd submitted since 1938 had been gladly printed—professional journalists don't grow on trees, not on Trotskyist trees—I concluded they might also have some objections to the heterodox nature of my thesis. Several other sore points developed: I'd been removed from the editorial board of the *N.I.* for conduct unbecoming a Marxist; an article by me in *Partisan Review* grandly titled "National Defence—the Case for Socialism" (those were the days!) had been denounced by Shachtman as "an attack on the principles and programme of the party all along the line" (my co-editors on *P.R.*, who were rapidly losing their appetite for radical politics, had been cool toward it for the opposite reason); another *P.R.* article of mine was editorially denounced by the *N.I.* as "counter-revolutionary"; etc.

Finally, on March 22nd, 1941, I wrote an 8,000-word letter to my comrades, beginning, "For some time, as is well known, there has been increasingly sharp conflict between the undersigned and your representatives, the

* A year or so later he published *The Managerial Revolution*, whose thesis was as dramatic as it was flimsy. Burnham treated Marx as Marx had treated Hegel; he "stood him on his head," replacing the proletariat with the industrial managers as the new ruling class, while at the same time keeping the worst faults of Marx's method: the ethical indifference, even cynicism, the romantic belief in a science of History, the grandiose predictions that didn't work out. The difference, aside from the fact that Marx was a genius, was that it took several generations for it to become clear that the proletariat was not the new ruling class, while Burnham's "managerialism" was forgotten, even by the author, in a few years.

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Political Committee, on questions of both theory and organisation"; rehearsing my grievances and generalising on the stuffy intellectual atmosphere in the party; and ending with some "minimum demands" (to restore me to the board of the *N.I.* and publish an additional 4,000 words of my Nazi-economics article) followed by a dignified, to say the least, peroration:

> If these rectifications are made by the Political Committee, as the result of pressure from the National Committee and from the party membership, I will conclude that it will be possible to have a fruitful discussion of the more general issues raised in Section Two—"Should Party Discipline be Applied to Matters of Theory?" And above all, it will be possible to hope that there is some possibility of arresting the present rapid degeneration of the Workers Party into the kind of undesirable bureaucratic-conservative régime we rejected last year in the Socialist Workers Party.

The rectifications were not made, the degeneration was not arrested, and a few weeks later I resigned from the party. The massive "document" just quoted is an impressive performance, demonstrating an energetic logic, a fertility in subtle distinctions, and a power to isolate the essentials of a complex situation and present them with forceful clarity that astonishes even so critical a reader as myself. On the other hand, when one considers the discrepancy between the effort invested and (a) the occasion (very minor) and (b) the chances of success (zero—after all, I was trying to persuade Bolsheviks to tolerate free thought so that I could remain in the party, *their* party), then it seems hard to believe that I was practically middle-aged when I wrote it. The whole business was an excellent example of the "as if" political behaviour we went in for in those days; we behaved as if our tiny sects (even the Communists were insignificant in national politics) were making History, as if great issues hinged on what we did, or rather what we said and wrote. And so we devoted enormous energies and even some intellectual ability to "documents" like the above. It was all rather like engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. But it was excellent training in political thinking. Like Latin, Marxism is good discipline for the mind.

7.

WHAT strikes me most, looking back, is the contrast between the scope of our thought and the modesty of our actions. The problems we were concerned with were so vast that, until History came to our rescue, we couldn't *do* much about them. We were really engaged not in politics but in metapolitics, which the Oxford Dictionary defines as "theoretical political science," adding "often derog." When it was a matter of discussing the Soviet system (was it a "degenerated workers' state" or a "bureaucratic collectivism"? What was its class structure? Were there, indeed, classes at all or merely social groups?), we handled it masterfully in erudite, closely-reasoned articles, in formal debates in cheap meeting-rooms off Third Avenue, in arguments around the cafeteria tables of Fourteenth Street. I have not before or since lived in such an atmosphere of passionate, if somewhat scholastic, intellection. But when we had to act, when the problem was, for example, a Congressional campaign, we—or in this case I—wrote leaflets like a 1941 exhibit that began "FOR A SOCIALIST DEFENSE AGAINST HITLERISM! People of the Bronx! Take the First Step! Elect Shachtman to Congress!" and then gave the Ten Point Platform of the Workers Party, of which point 3 was "Hands off Latin America!" and point 9 "Nationalize All Defense Industries!" Shachtman was not elected (he got 1,800 out of a total 125,000-or-so votes cast, as I recall). Nor did an earlier Ten Point Platform in an election for mayor prove more successful—point 7 was "Modernize the Subway System!"; point 10: "For a Socialist Society!"

Inept we were, but had we been each of us a compound of Robespierre and Northcliffe, Lenin and Luce, we should still have found it hard going. The discouraging response of the masses to our street meetings, picket-lines, leaflets, and publications was due to deeper causes than our faulty technique. The last time in American history that radical ideas

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have had any mass appeal was just before the First World War, when the Socialists published half a dozen *daily* papers, elected Congressmen, and almost defeated Gompers with their candidate for the presidency of the American Federation of Labor, and when that strange and unique contribution of America to anarcho-syndicalism, the "Wobblies" (officially the Industrial Workers of the World, or IWW, also called I Won't Work), organised great masses of unskilled workers and led strikes in the New England textile mills, the Minnesota iron mines, and the Pennsylvania steel industry that were as much social rebellions as economic conflicts. During and immediately after the war, the Government, by the use of quasi-legal force and violence, permanently destroyed the Wobblies and the more militant section of the Socialist Party.

The radical tradition never came back, except among the intelligentsia. Not even at the lowest point of the depression, in 1932–3, were the Communists or the Socialists a serious political force. The CIO in a few years subsided from youthful rebellion into bureaucratic conservatism, a devolution that had taken generations in the German and British labour movements. (It was an ironical illustration of Trotsky's "Law of Combined Development," according to which backward nations don't develop gradually as their more advanced predecessors did, but use the existing high level of technique as the springboard for a "dialectical leap" into modernity.) Between 1935 and 1939 the CIO organised the workers in steel, auto, rubber, and other mass industries, but all that happened was that those particular workers greatly improved their position inside capitalism, a Good Thing but hardly revolutionary. We didn't even get a Labour Party out of it.

The failure of socialism to attract the American masses was all the more discouraging because the depression was far worse in the United States than anywhere else except Germany. By the summer of 1932 the "soundest" common stocks were selling at fantastic prices: U.S. Steel was $22 a share, down from $262 in September 1929; American Telephone & Telegraph had dropped from $304 to $72, General Motors from $73 to $8. By 1933 there were thirteen millions unemployed, a fifth of the working population, and national production was one-third less than it had been in 1929. The usual explanation of the inability of the Left to exploit this breakdown is that the New Deal offered a solution. And so it did, politically; the great reforms of Roosevelt's first six years —Wagner Act, Wages & Hours Law, Social Security, etc.—brought American capitalism instantly (as historical time goes) up to the British level, another illustration of the Law of Combined Development. But the New Dealers were unable to cope with the economic crisis. It took the war to do that. Unemployment stuck at eight million or more up to the end of 1940, except for a brief improvement in 1937, which was quickly erased by the sharp recession which began that autumn and was finally overcome not by New Deal measures but by war orders.

Thus all through the thirties there seemed to us radicals no reason to believe in the "viability" of American capitalism. And yet the masses remained apathetic about socialism. We were right, but they wouldn't listen. Nothing is more frustrating for an intellectual than to work out a logical solution to a problem and then find that nobody is interested.*

In our isolation and impotence, we were kept going by the illusion that we had in our pocket a skeleton key to History. We metapoliticians were the *illuminati*, whose esoteric knowledge enabled us to divine the real, hidden nature of events and, when the time

* It's even worse now. In the thirties, we foresaw that American capitalism might find a basis for survival in what we called "a permanent war economy," but we saw this in terms of Goering's alternative—"guns or butter"—and we predicted a decline in living standards and a consequent growth of mass discontent. The war economy has come and is relatively "permanent"—that is, one can see no end to it as long as the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. are life-or-death rivals—but American capitalism has shown an extraordinary and unexpected capacity to produce; living standards—especially of the low-income groups—are at levels that would have been considered fantastic in the thirties; and, in short, the economy is producing both guns *and* butter.

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came, to Take Advantage of Revolutionary Situations. We were the "cadres of leadership" ("*cadre*: permanent establishment of a regiment forming nucleus for expansion at need") and the masses would fall in behind us as they had followed the Bolsheviks in October.* The smallness of Lenin's pre-1917 party was a great comfort—if he could take over Russia with a mere handful of disciplined comrades, why not . . . ?

Viewed from 1957, much of our behaviour appears absurd and even mildly insane ("*metapolitics*: . . . often derog."). But if our actions compared grotesquely to our aspirations, if we were intellectually arrogant and morally more than a little smug, we did believe in a great cause and we did make real sacrifices for it.

8.

IN THE summer of 1943, I resigned from the editorial board of *Partisan Review*, thus graduating, after six years, from the third and last of the educational institutions that have been important in my life—the other two were Phillips Exeter Academy and the Trotskyist movement. After Pearl Harbor, Rahv and Phillips had come to feel it was their war and their country, while I had remained disaffected. They wanted to reduce the magazine's political content and concentrate on literary criticism, while I wanted to continue the mixture as before. (Political writing those days meant Left-wing writing; those who supported the war felt no impulse to rush into print; patriotism was still morally suspect and intellectually unfashionable—and besides, they hadn't any conservative vocabulary.) We had some first-class rows, and finally I resigned, writing a sharp letter-to-the-editors which appeared in *P.R.* with an answer in kind.

At once I began to project a magazine of my own which materialised in February 1944 as a monthly called *Politics*.* I was the editor, publisher, owner, proof reader, layout man, and chief contributor; my then wife, Nancy, was the business manager, as she had been before that of *P.R.* (The business manager is the Unknown Soldier of the little-magazine world.) *Politics* ran for five years, the first three as a monthly, the last two, when I had become somewhat jaded, as a quarterly. The vintage year was probably 1945; I had got some experience by then and yet was still fresh; coincidentally or not, the deficit was smallest that year, about $953; other years it ran from $2,000 to $6,000. The chief contributors (five or more articles) were Nicola Chiaromonte, Lewis Coser ("Louis Clair"), Paul Goodman, the late Peter Gutman ("Peter Meyer"), the late Victor Serge, Niccolo Tucci, and George Woodcock. Perhaps significantly, Goodman was the only American; Coser was German, Gutman was Czech, Tucci and Chiaromonte were Italian, Serge Belgian-Russian, and Woodcock English.†

* When a fire broke out in our headquarters, one of the top leaders elbowed aside lesser comrades, male and female, and clattered to safety down the rickety wooden stairs. Later, he explained that he felt it was necessary to "save the cadres"—that is, the cadres *of* the cadres. The fire, incidentally, was promptly put out by the efficient if capitalistic N.Y. Fire Dept.

* Naming a new magazine is always an occasion for much pleasurable fuss and anxiety, though once the baby grows up it is the same as with people: the name becomes somehow part of the personality, as a new suit is shaped by the wearer, and nobody thinks about it one way or the other. *Politics* was chosen from a list of possibilities that included *Left, The Independent, The Radical Review, The Dissenter, The Freethinker, Against the Stream, The Unofficial Review, The Critic, Candide, Cadmus* (sowing the dragon's teeth?), *Gulliver* (??), and, actually, *The Outsider*. I think it was C. Wright Mills who suggested *Politics*. At first, I inclined to a more "committed" name, but happily desisted in the face of numerous objections. "I'd rather you called the magazine anything on earth (even *Macdonald's Monthly Gazette* or *The Twentieth Century and After*) than either *Left* or *The Radical Review*. 'Left' and 'Radical' have become so warped, so stained," wrote Louise Bogan, for example.

† There was also "European," the late Andrea Caffi, an elderly historian, half Russian and half Italian, a man of extraordinary imagination and range of knowledge who had never been able to "find himself" in the specialised, professionalised world of modern culture, but who wrote remarkable letters to his friend Chiaromonte and later to me, mostly stimulated by something in *Politics*; these we carpentered into articles which I think were among the best things printed in the magazine. There are other mute, inglorious Caffis about —I know several—their noble rage repressed not

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Politics began with a circulation of about 2,000, which went up to something over 5,000, where it stuck fast. Its readers were mostly male (81%), college graduates (90%), urban (66% lived in cities of over 100,000 population), without party ties (52%—of those belonging to a party the Socialists, with 24% of the total readers, were far in the lead; the Democrats had 12%, the Republicans 4%, and the Trotskyists 3%), and young (67% were under thirty-five; 22% were students and another 22% were in the armed forces).* The class alignment was about what one might expect: 78% of the readers were middle-class professionals (as against 10% in the population at large) and 13% were wage-workers (as against 71% nationally). The only surprise was that businessmen were represented just about as heavily as in the general population: 7% v. 9%. It was a responsive, irritable readership, who wrote many letters-to-the-editor, most of which I printed, especially the more unfavourable ones.

While I was editing *Politics*, I often felt isolated, comparing my few thousand readers with the millions and millions of non-readers —such is the power of the modern obsession with quantity, also of Marxism with its sentimentalisation of "the masses." But in the last eight years, I have run across so many nostalgic old readers in so many unexpected quarters that I have the impression I'm better known for *Politics* than for my articles in *The New Yorker*, whose circulation is roughly seventy times greater. This is curious but should not be surprising. A "little magazine" is often more intensively read (and circulated) than the big commercial magazines, being a more individual expression and so appealing with special force to other individuals of like minds. Being a one-man magazine, *Politics* was especially, some thought excessively, personal; it expressed my own temperament quite well, and any true mirror of an individual is in itself interesting. This freely personal note—which, as an editor, I welcomed in the contributions of others, my "formula" being to have none—this note, I think, is one reason there is still life and bite in the forty-two back numbers. The other is the period (1944–9), which was one when American intellectuals were beginning to feel uneasy about Marxism and yet retained enough interest in it to write about it; disillusion had not reached the stage of apathy; whence a tension that produced some good arguments. It was also a time of troubles: the terrible last years of the war, with the Nazi death-camps and the atomic bombings; and the grey dawn of "peace," when the reality behind the illusions of the anti-fascist crusade began to emerge, with Stalin's Russia smoothly taking over the rôle of Hitler's Germany. All of this demanded attention, reporting, exposure, analysis, satire, indignation, lamentation.

In the first issue, I defined *Politics*' politics:

> The assumption will be that its readers and contributors are critical of existing institutions and feel the need for radical change. The magazine's political tendency will be democratic socialist. Its predominant intellectual approach will be Marxist. . . . It will be partisan to those on the bottom of present-day society—the Negroes, the colonial peoples, and the vast majority of common people everywhere, including the Soviet Union. . . .
>
> This war is not a struggle between good and evil, or democracy and totalitarianism, but rather a clash of rival imperialisms. . . . The great aim of Roosevelt-Stalin-Churchill is to prevent "chaos" and "anarchy"—i.e. social revolution—in postwar Europe. But future hopes of progress will come out of "chaos," not out of "order."

The magazine developed pretty much along those lines, with the rather important exception that after the first two years it more and more forsook the true Marxist faith to

by chill penury but by an inability to fit into existing journalistic or academic patterns. The most important job of a "little magazine," one that only it can do, is to provide a base of operations for such writers.

* Cf. "The Fascinated Readers," a report by Ruth Harper Mills on a questionnaire drawn up by C. Wright Mills and sent to our subscribers. This is in the Winter, 1948, issue, which also contains a four-year index. About the same time *The New Republic*, the liberal weekly, surveyed *its* readers. They turned out to be older, more conservative and prosperous and religious and female, less urban and well-educated.

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whore after the strange gods of anarchism and pacifism.* This was partly a matter of my own evolution: now that I was out of the Marxian atmosphere of the Workers Party (also of *Partisan Review*, where my colleagues' mind-set, like Burnham's, retained its Marxist form though now filled with how different a content) my thinking took its natural bent toward individualism, empiricism, moralism, estheticism—all cardinal sins, that is deviations, in the Marxian canon. It was also partly a reaction to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, two scientific experiments which gave the final push to my already tottering faith. Writing in 1944, I had defined the magazine's "values in general" as "scientific, materialistic, this-worldly, democratic, humanist—in the tradition of Rousseau, Jefferson, Darwin, Marx, Freud, and Dewey." But from 1946 on, only Freud and Jefferson remained of the culture-heroes (like two ill-assorted creatures cast up as sole survivors of a flood), while "scientific" and "democratic" came under increasing suspicion because of their abuse by the industrialised mass society that had produced the atomic bomb. In the age of Auschwitz and Hiroshima, the idea of progress, so long the heart of left-of-centre political thought, liberal as well as Marxist, now seemed invalid. In the spring of 1946 I published a two-part article, "The Root Is Man," whose title came from an early (1844) statement of Marx's: "To be radical is to grasp the matter by its root. Now the root for mankind is man." This was partly a demonstration that Marxism is no longer a reliable guide to either action or understanding, partly a discussion of the problem of values in politics and the limitations of the scientific method, partly some rather desperate suggestions for a new kind of radical approach—individualistic, decentralised, essentially anarchist. The crucial distinction was between "Progressive" and "Radical":

> The Progressive makes history the center of his ideology. The Radical puts man there. The Progressive's attitude is optimistic both about human nature (which he thinks is basically good, hence all that is needed is to change institutions so as to give this goodness a chance to work) and about the possibility of understanding history through scientific method. The Radical is more aware of the dual nature of man; he sees evil as well as good at the base of human nature; he is sceptical about the ability of science to explain things beyond a certain point; he is aware of the tragic element in man's fate not only today but in any conceivable kind of society. The Progressive thinks in collective terms (the interests of society or of the working class); the Radical stresses individual conscience. The Progressive starts off from what is actually happening, the Radical from what he wants to happen. The former must have the feeling that history is on his side. The latter is pleased if history is also going his way, but he is stubborn about following his own road, that of "ought" rather than "is."
>
> The Radical admits the validity of science in its own sphere, but thinks there also exists another sphere that is outside the reach of scientific investigation, one in which value-judgments cannot be *proved*, though they can be *demonstrated* in the traditional terms of art and ethical teaching. The Radical sees any movement like socialism which aspires toward a better society as rooted in this second, non-

* It was odd that anarchism took no root in the thirties, considering (1) the American temperament, lawless and individualistic, (2) the American anarchist tradition, from Benjamin Tucker to the Wobblies, and (3) that anarchism gave a better answer to the real modern problem, the encroachment of the State, than did Marxism, which was revolutionary only about bourgeois private property (not a real issue any more) and was thoroughly reactionary on the question of the State. But (3) also explains Marxism's popularity (though it doesn't justify it): while the centralised State is the chief danger now to freedom, it is also necessary to the operation of a mass society based on large-scale industry. Thus Marxism is "practical," since it fits into the *status quo*—as in Soviet Russia—while anarchism is "impractical" because it threatens it. The revolutionary alternative to the *status quo* today is not collectivised property administered by a "workers' state" whatever *that* means, but some kind of anarchist decentralisation that will break up mass society into small communities where individuals can live together as variegated human beings instead of as impersonal units in the mass sum. The shallowness of the New Deal and the British Labour Party's post-war régime is shown by their failure to improve any of the important things in people's lives —the actual relationships on the job, the way they spend their leisure, and child-rearing and sex and art. It is mass living that vitiates all these today and the State that holds together the *status quo*. Marxism glorifies "the masses" and endorses the State. Anarchism leads back to the individual and the community, which is "impractical" but necessary—that is to say, it is revolutionary.

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> scientific sphere, however its growth may be shaped by historical process. . . .
>
> The Marxists still hold fast to the classic Left faith in human liberation through scientific progress, while admitting—some of them—that revisions of doctrine and refinements of method are necessary. This was my opinion until I began to edit *Politics* and consequently to follow in some detail the events of the last two years. The difficulties lie much deeper, I now think, than is assumed by the Progressives, and the crisis is much more serious.

It was, oddly enough, the emphasis on morality that caused the most scandal. "Macdonald's notions about politics are advanced under the banner of morality; actually they are neither political nor moral, being rather a peculiar hodgepodge of both," my former colleagues on *Partisan Review* observed in an editorial that reproached *Politics* for allegedly substituting "moral uplift" for "political realism." Yet some of the best things that appeared in *Politics* were "peculiar hodgepodges," such as Bruno Bettelheim's "Behavior in Extreme Situations"; Andrea Caffi's "Violence and Sociability"; Albert Camus' "Neither Victims nor Executioners"; Niccolo Tucci's regular column, "Commonnonsense"; and four articles by Simone Weil, especially "The Iliad, or the Poem of Force," written during the German occupation of France. What worried many of my old comrades was that an undue concern about morality might be a symptom of what Sidney Hook had called "the new failure of nerve," leading to idealism, obscurantism, and, horror of horrors, like the drunkard's grave, the church! At the other end of the spectrum from the Marx-cum-Dewey intellectuals, Luce's *Time* also filed "morals" under "religion": two of the "hodgepodge" articles were reported on in the "Religion" department simply because the 20th-century mind seems unable to conceive of any other pigeon-hole for ethics. In actual fact, *Politics* showed slight interest in religion. My own record is impeccable: I am not now and have never been a member of any church. Nor have I ever, not even in late adolescence, believed in God or an afterlife or a power or consciousness beyond this world that is interested in this world. Nor have I ever felt the need for such a belief, or even any interest in the whole question. Religion, in short, bores me even more than Marxism.

In the fall of 1947 I wrote a letter to the subscribers apologising for not having got out an issue since the summer and promising to start up again—on a quarterly basis—early in 1948. "This has been a one-man magazine," I explained, "and the man has of late been feeling stale, tired, disheartened, and—if you like—demoralized. . . . This mood seems to be due to three factors: (a) the ever blacker and bleaker political outlook; (b) my own growing sense of ignorance, which requires more time to investigate and reflect before sounding off in print; (c) the pyschological demands of a one-man magazine which, at first stimulating, have latterly become simply—demands." The magazine did revive as a quarterly, but it was the beginning of the end. A year later the psychological factors had improved only slightly, and the money question had become acute, between an impressive rise in the cost of printing (in the first three years of *Politics* the printer's bill doubled—this by the way is one big reason there aren't more "little magazines" nowadays in the United States) and an equally impressive decline in my own bank account. So I gave up the magazine and went back to writing for my living (and my children's) after the thirteen-year sabbatical that had followed my resignation from *Fortune* in 1936. In recent years I have devoted most of my time to *The New Yorker*, where I have been able to write the kind of social-cultural reportage and analysis that now interests me more than political writing. This is an anticlimatic end to these memoirs of a revolutionist, but there it is, and there I am.

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Herbert Butterfield

George III and the Namier School

Tory versus Whig Interpretations

THE earliest serious historical reconstruction of the opening years of George III's reign was a Tory one, the work of a man who later prided himself on always having been in agreement with Lord Eldon. He was John Adolphus, and he produced in 1802 the classical defence of the young George III—one which that king himself commended, but which also pleased the Whig critic on the *Edinburgh Review* who had been predisposed to find fault with it. Adolphus based his version on avowals made at the time by men who were in the circle of Bute, avowals which had appeared also in the propaganda published on behalf of the court. He argued that George III rightly set out to vindicate monarchical authority against the corrupt, oligarchical Whigs, who had kept his grandfather in leading strings.

It would seem that, after George's death in 1820, it was possible to treat his personality with less reserve. Old controversies concerning his education were revived by the publication of memoirs which revealed his less attractive side. Between the 1830's and the 1850's there appeared a mass of predominantly hostile evidence—the published writings of Bedford, Chatham, Burke, Horace Walpole, Rockingham, George Grenville, and Charles James Fox. The new witnesses suffered a devastating cross-examination, however, at the hands of Macaulay's great enemy, John Wilson Croker. Lord Mahon argued that when George III, like the Elder Pitt, gave promotion to Tories, he outraged the Whigs, who thought that office and emolument ought to belong to them as a kind of "heirloom." It was claimed that George III's new system was successful, and Mahon asserted that venality soon began to diminish. The *Quarterly Review* said that by about 1772 "the Walpolean system of management was at an end."

The establishment of a new interpretation —a counter-system to that of Adolphus— comes in the 1860's, particularly in the early pages of Erskine May's *Constitutional History*. The old Whig charges against George III—the party attacks, recently renewed by Lord John Russell—were now transmuted into a form of academic orthodoxy. Up to this time, men like Croker had had their roots sufficiently far back in the *ancien régime* to save them from serious misconceptions about the 18th century. There now occurred that effective lapse of memory or break in tradition which made it easy to fall into anachronisms. It became possible to imagine that, prior to 1760, there had flourished a regularly established system of ministerial and parliamentary government, and that George III had wickedly set out to secure its overthrow. Lecky, far from being the chief offender in this, said that the Victorian constitution ought not to be read back into the 18th century, and produced further evidence in support of Adolphus. Lecky, in fact, provides the mathematical formula for a less

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rigid kind of "Whig interpretation." George III was wrong, he said, because, throughout his reign, he opposed all those movements which were to turn the constitution of 1760 into that of 1860.

Although in text-books and popular literature George III was henceforward depicted as a man who had set out to overthrow an established constitution, this was not the view which prevailed at the higher levels of scholarship after the first decade of the 20th century. In the 1890's the remarkable development of English historiography had already led in many fields to the undermining of the Whig interpretation. Foreign scholars had played a part in this development, and Petit-Dutaillis claimed to have provoked the reconsideration of *Magna Carta*. Early in the new century, von Ruville, in a life of the Elder Pitt, analysed the whole "Whig" tendency in English historical writing, attacking particularly its application to the reign of George III. Then D. A. Winstanley, of Cambridge, took the lead in this field of scholarship, and adopted the basic argument and the general framework of Adolphus. From 1910 he was arguing that "it was no mere selfish lust for power that impelled George III to wage war on the men who had enslaved his grandfather." In fact, during most of both the 19th and the 20th centuries it is this Tory thesis of Adolphus which dominates the serious historiography of this subject.

The Structure of Politics

BEFORE the end of the 17th century a profounder kind of history had already been foreshadowed. The Whig interpretation had then been menaced for a moment by the demand that *Magna Carta* should be interpreted by reference to its context in feudal society. Since 1890, much of our European history has had to be reshaped because it has been realised that a knowledge of social structure alters the bearings of a piece of narrative. If an extravagantly Whig-Protestant version of the French Wars of Religion or the Revolt of the Netherlands has been superseded, this is because we have learned to take account of structure—to see the narrative "in depth."

Yet it was the Whigs and the radicals who introduced the device of interpreting the parliamentary history of George III's reign by reference to the "structure of politics." Here was one of the favourite weapons of those reformers who wanted to expose the perversity of 18th century voting and the irrationality of the whole electoral system. While George III was still alive, they went through the constituencies one by one in order to show the workings of patronage and influence; and they produced such compilations as the *History Personal and Political of the Boroughs of England* (1794). This form of study may even now provide the basis for a more formidable Whig interpretation of history; for it is wrong to assume (as some people seem to do) that the historian who recovers the ancient structure must necessarily defend it, condemning those contemporaries who desired something more rational. These and other more analytical forms of enquiry (the history of parliamentary elections, for example) led in 1903 to Edward Porritt's massive work on *The Unreformed House of Commons*.

During the first half of the present century the available sources were greatly multiplied and the evidence of the supposed culprits was recovered—the long-lost correspondence of George III and the papers of Bute, for example. Methods of research were considerably refined, and in general the work of the historian came to be conducted with bigger microscopes and more delicate instruments. The relations between politics and society came to be more profoundly appreciated in one field of study after another. So far as the reign of George III is concerned, Professor (now Sir Lewis) Namier has long been playing a most important part in these developments. His *Structure of Politics* (1929) not only enriched this side of the study with new techniques, but attained results of remarkable precision, results that are a solid contribution to scholarship. The methods employed have been followed also by later historians. They have been transposed for use in work on other periods of English parliamentary history.

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We must not exaggerate the revolution produced by such methods. Some of the good things which we are now told about the workings of 18th century politics were available to discerning politicians who were living at the time. Such things had leaked into the literary evidence, and they had passed into historiography by another route. The further plan of compiling the lives of all members of parliament is going to provide historians with a piece of apparatus that will be invaluable. But whether scientific methods (statistical procedures and devices of correlation) can be applied to the resulting materials—whether these will produce more valuable conclusions about the politics of a period than were available to a contemporary statesman with a good nose—is not yet very clear. It is necessary that we should not magnify too greatly even the importance of the study of "structure." It still has to be admitted that through a sense of responsibility or an attachment to principle —through the effects of a parliamentary debate or of popular passion or of a national crisis—men in the 18th century might forget party fidelity or immediate personal interest, and vote in a manner that could not be predicted from their status, their political connections, or their previous conduct. In such cases, which by their nature are likely to be significant, the politics of George III's reign could not be regarded as responding to structure or as explicable solely in terms of structure. We are in an analogous position when we are told that the French Revolution cannot be explained merely by general causes, and that it emerges from the clash of personalities, the play of fear and passion, the confusion of cross-purposes, and the operation of sheer mischance. Here the analysis of mere conditions loses its unique importance. For the sake of historical explanation itself, we must resort to history in its narrative form.

Structural Analysis and Narrative History

All this should be considered in its bearings on the conception of an overall history of the reign of George III. The older writers, who are now taunted and condemned, were above all things narrative historians; so that it is relevant to ask how the new kind of analysis affects the shape of the previously accepted story. It is not permissible to imagine that the England of 1760 is unique in the sense that just here the study of "structure" must replace other forms of history—just here the "narrative" method has been rendered obsolete. We cannot afford to sacrifice the kind of history which broadened a man's political outlook—the history which dealt with politics and statesmanship and the march of great events. It is curious that there has never been a more desperate cry from the teaching world than the demand in recent years for light and help in respect of the interpretation of the reign of George III. The ideal thing would be to have the whole story retold "in depth"—structure and narrative combined—in a way that has been achieved on occasion in other regions of history.

Sir Lewis Namier does indeed tell us that *England in the Age of the American Revolution* sets out to provide "the chronological narrative of political events." But in his own original volume, as well as in the recent addition to the series by Mr. Brooke, it seems to be assumed that such narrative need be little more than the "structure of politics" extended in time and turned into a sequence. We are given a story which becomes silent or curiously neglectful as it touches the very things that governments and parliaments exist to do. The work of ministers in their departments, the springs of official policy, the overt controversies, the stuff of actual political debate—it is just these that are being elbowed out of the picture. Within the field that might be regarded as its own, the anatomising method may have its defects, unless it is complemented by the activity of a sympathetic—even a synthesising—mind. It would seem that the new form of structural analysis is capable of producing in the practitioners of the craft its own kind of occupational disease.

There may appear to be something unanswerable in the thesis that the Labour Party opposed the Suez adventure because it was their business to defeat the Conservatives. And some people feel that it would be too much of a coincidence if we accepted the

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members of that party as also sincerely attached to the ideals of the United Nations. Egotisms and higher purposes, however, do find complicated forms of combination in political history, though the mode in which they combine may be different in every period. The Whig historians followed too easy a policy when they measured the Rockinghamites by their ideals and the followers of Lord North by their interests; and the situation is not improved if one merely reverses this formula. Opposing political parties must be examined from both points of view; and it is not clear that the Namier method possesses the kind of receiving-set that is capable of catching all the relevant wavelengths. Because the Whig historians took ideological pretensions too much at their face value, the new school tends to drain the intellectual content out of the things that politicians do. The *dramatis personæ* are portrayed without that outer framework of ideas and purposes which affects political conduct and which statesmen and monarchs—even a George III—could scarcely unload from their minds if they tried. This framework of ideas and conscious purposes may appear only in partial glimpses—though it does appear—in the correspondence of political personages, who generally write to one another rather to discuss detailed decisions and day-to-day moves. But it is this which gives some coherence to political history and rescues it from mere atomisation; and one may despise it overmuch if one is too intent on delving into structure and self-interests, or even into the darkness of man's unconscious mind. There is danger that the study of the underside of the piece of embroidery will be puffed and exalted, and turned into an end in itself. Even UNO today would provide a sorry picture if we examined it from the point of view of the "structure of politics," leaving the other dimensions of the story out of account.

The Outlook of George III

GEORGE III is the first to suffer from the new method, and he suffers particularly at the point where Sir Lewis Namier, playing down the rôle of "conscious will and purpose," emphasises the irony of circumstance, "the deeper irrelevancies and incoherence of human actions." Certainly there is always some truth in this view of history. Winstanley, nearly fifty years ago, showed that the resignation of Pitt in 1761 had not been "part of the original programme of the court," and that "events had shaped themselves in a way that had not been foreseen." We can cover Sir Lewis Namier's case by saying that all political narrative becomes more complicated—more trickily entangled with chance and change—when seen under the microscope. Young research students are even apt to be too disillusioned when they study the policy of a masterly statesman at close quarters, so that the thing which had seemed a mighty act of volition is broken into little pieces. But the political practitioner, even if he is only a George III, does possess a framework of ideas and purposes. And these affect his actions and modify the course of things, however much they may seem to be checked, side-tracked, and even contradicted in the man's day-to-day conduct of business.

One of the important issues which the new teaching presents to us is the question of the framework of ideas and purposes held by George III at the beginning of his reign. It is hardly denied that the new king longed to get rid of the Duke of Newcastle and place the Earl of Bute at the head of the government, though at one moment he might see the necessity of asking the old minister to stay on, and at another moment—when the change had actually been effected—he might even feel forced to invite the man to return to office. We know from George's own words that, till he felt compelled to accept Henry Fox as his political manager, he cherished the dream of destroying corruption—"then," as he wrote later to Bute, "when we were both dead our memories would have been respected and esteemed till the end of time." Some years later, he put it on to paper that, when he came to the throne, he set out to destroy the "unhappy distinctions" of Whig and Tory, and that he regarded this as a new departure. It has been known for at least a

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century that the Elder Pitt claimed the priority in this policy; but if it could be proved that Pitt promoted more Tories before 1760 than George III himself in the subsequent years, this touches on just the kind of issue that we must never try to settle by the mere counting of heads. A piece of policy that is unimportant when measured in material terms may gain great significance through the context in which it occurs, the ideas with which it has been associated, the kind of pronouncements made about it to the public, and the political controversy that it may have provoked on some particular occasion. Horace Walpole made the point that the Elder Pitt's policy meant something different in the hands of George III, and that in any case it was turned into something different by the conduct of the Tories themselves. Also, he said, before Bute ever dared to make a change in the ministry, there had been an alarming alteration in the language of the court.

It might seem that George III, with his talk of destroying "corruption" and annihilating the distinction between "Whig" and "Tory," had not sufficiently soaked himself in Namier. If he was wrong, perhaps he erred along with some of that Leicester House circle whose influence upon his mind Sir Lewis Namier at times seems to assume but at times seems strenuously to deny. Passages which Sir Lewis Namier himself supplies would appear to suggest that George was infected with more of the ideas of the same circle—the circle which had formed the centre of opposition in the previous reign. Bute tells Newcastle, for example, "That the King had a' notion of not being governed . . . by his Minister or Ministers, as the late King had been." There is even evidence that the alleged resentment of the court against the might of the magnates was by no means the fiction of the imagination of later historians. Bute writes to Newcastle: "No, my Lord, I know your power; you have all the great men of the Kingdom [on your side]." George, when he talks of the succession to Newcastle, discloses a further bitterness of feeling. He is determined that Bute shall succeed to the office, for Bute "will think of mine and his country's good, not of jobs." In all this, surely, we have the outer framework of George III's ideas and purposes—one which in the correspondence of later years was to give proof of extraordinary fixity. And what is all this but the framework provided by Adolphus a hundred and fifty years ago—the very system that has dominated serious historiography during most of the intervening period?

What men think they are fighting for is important

And if George III was wrong in his talk of "Whig" and "Tory," of "corruption," and of ministers who tried to govern the king, we must remember that what men imagine the situation to be—what they dream or feel that they are out to do—is an actual dimension of the political events that are the object of study. The modern school are too neglectful of this dimension which political conduct possesses—too neglectful even of those glimpses or leakages of purposeful policy which can be found in the actual documents they are using. They are overcontemptuous about the writers on politics—too supercilious in their treatment of Bolingbroke and Burke, for example—too blind to the part which these may play in actual life. Here is an interpretation of history which, through an anxiety to avoid being hoaxed, is in danger of refusing to realise the operative force of ideas.

At a time when political parties have come to assume new shapes it is wonderful to see how the politicians may still go on thinking about them in the traditional way. In the reign of George III men might at one moment conceive of the factions somewhat in the manner of Sir Lewis Namier; but at a different level of their thinking—or when they approached the question from a different angle—the same men might discuss parties in categories that had become antiquated, the Whigs being set against the Tories still. It is possible that the future historian, when he has to write about the Liberals of our own recent decades, will be similarly puzzled by the way in which two planes of existence

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intersect. "Whiggism" in George III's reign may denote a particular set of people; but alternatively it may represent a point of view, or even only a shadow cast by the battles of long ago. The writings of Bolingbroke, David Hume, and Edmund Burke show how difficult it was for the minds of the 18th century to produce a coherent, consistent and practicable idea of party. A purely positivist attempt to describe party in the nude—to anatomise the material thing—is bound to be dangerous; for a great proportion of the existence of party lies in the realm of thought.

The Formulation of the Issue

WHEN George III commended Adolphus's account of the early years of his reign, he praised its accuracy particularly in regard to himself. We need not presume on this piece of testimony overmuch; and the historian may too easily transfer to the person of the king the ideas which are put forward by the men around him—put forward perhaps in his name. The things which are declared by the men who enjoy the royal favour, however, may be more significant historically than the things which the king himself meditates in the privacy of his soul. One repeatedly meets even the opposition charge that a disturbing factor in the situation after the accession of George III was the change in what was called "the language of the court." The men in the neighbourhood of Bute certainly seem to have imagined themselves to be collaborating in a comprehensive policy. In 1762, Gilbert Elliot, who owed his advancement to Bute, wrote: "Nor is it to be expected that in critical times ancient systems of power will fall to the ground without a struggle." It is interesting that Bubb Dodington should have used language so similar to this when writing to Bute in the earliest weeks of the reign: "Remember that to recover monarchy from the inveterate usurpation of oligarchy is a point too arduous and important to be achieved without much difficulty and some degree of danger." Here, from the very bosom of the age itself, and from the very brink of the new era, is the converse of Sir Lewis Namier's view that ridiculously small purposes led to a paradoxically great commotion. If so many historians did go wrong on this initial issue, they were following witnesses who might well have seemed close to the heart of things.

We can take our cross-section at a different level, again, however, and examine the problem as it was presented to the outside world at the time—the issue as it divided the public. This also is possibly more important for the shaping of the framework of our history than the secrets of George III's inner mind. Here once again we find the attack on corruption, on party distinctions, on the Whig oligarchy, on the system that had put royal authority under eclipse. We see all this in the propaganda on behalf of the court; but it appears over again in the opposition answers, which pick out the successive points for taunt or attack. Polemical writings may be an inferior form of evidence in some respects, but they do show what public opinion is being asked to decide, even if that question is being provoked hypocritically to cover something else. The *Annual Register* did not say that the alleged court attack on "the Whig oligarchy" was a hoax. It even admitted that in the political conflict a genuine constitutional issue had been raised. (On this issue the *Annual Register* in fact decided at the end of the argument in favour of the king.) Supposing it could be proved that no "Whig" party existed and that there never had been an "oligarchy," the existence of the overt issue is unaffected. It was sufficient if people believed in the existence of a Whig oligarchy, and imagined that this was what they were fighting against.

In these ways we may take our cross-section at different levels, and still it is the same general framework of narrative that is produced. And that framework—in its general shape and its specific elements—is the very one within which the prevailing historiographical tradition, from Adolphus to Winstanley, construed the early years of George III's reign. If the framework is correct, it is an ancient one; but if so imposing a tradition is to be overthrown we must be clear about

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the evidence on which we are acting, clearer still about the process of inference to which the evidence is being subjected. And we must be clear that we are prepared to apply the same principles and modes of interpretation to other areas and periods of history.

The "King's Friends" as "Civil Servants"

THOSE of us who have spent our lives in combat against "the Whig interpretation of history" may still be a little perturbed by the way in which the new school are treating their predecessors. Even in all this, they are setting their own work against that of defunct popularisers and textbook writers, with hardly a reference to the things that held the field in higher regions of scholarship till *The Structure of Politics* appeared. Yet, in a generation that is supposed to be scientific, they themselves resort to the very pattern of "Whig" device and fallacy, presenting the formula only in reverse. Over fifty years ago, von Ruville suggested that the men who deserted their parties to follow the cause of the king might be regarded as "government servants." He made no more of this point, which is interesting in itself, but the Namier school have transformed the term a little, and prefer to say "civil servants." This latter designation is in itself perhaps a less fortunate one, in that it carries more distinctively modern connotations into the 18th century. And in nothing is the new school more persistent than in its use of the term for polemical purposes—the exploitation of precisely the modern flavour that it carries. The King's Friends were not in fact "civil servants" though we may accept the view that they were like them in certain respects. There is a point at which the analogy is being overpressed, and this is exactly the point at which it happens to serve a polemical intent. If these men had in fact been modern "civil servants" they would not have been in the House of Commons, and then the problem would not have arisen. They did in fact present an issue—one which it was easy to resolve as soon as they were excluded from the House of Commons. The Whigs were wrong in imagining that these men were an unconstitutional phenomenon in those days, in the way that they would be if they existed at the present time. But it is not permissible to short-circuit the question by giving the King's Friends a nickname less appropriate and more anachronistic than the one which they had in their own generation. And we are the victims of a conjuring trick if, just because an anachronism has been waved in our faces, we allow ourselves to be persuaded that the Whigs had no right to oppose these men in their political rôle. This —the most famous of the formulations of the Namier school and the most reiterated of their *clichés*—is simply the Whig fallacy turned inside out.

You

YOU, if I say that brilliant
Upsetting vocable this verse
Staggers before it's learnt to crawl
And howls until you take it up.
No pride not even consciousness
Of being; only wanting your
Having it to you and can sleep
Then and then only: can no more
Than sleep but if after a time
Of sleep it stirs it murmurs rhyme.

Oliver Bernard

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BOOKS

Amorous Cannibals

"But Toí's sister didn't like the idea, and neither did Toí himself, and Caro was left to sulk by himself." It began with Gertrude Stein and psychology: now even anthropology has gone on the warpath, invading not only the narrative forms but the very medium of the literary artist, altering his language. Perhaps a third of Mr. Huxley's book* is direct translation from the words of Urubu Indians, and their words are pretty primitive. To link this tongue with the sophisticated processes of English the author has taken his native language halfway, disguised its complex vestments under a cloak of nakedness, and thus allowed it to mingle unnoticed among the Indian cannibal feasts, whooping it up and gobbling it down with a gusto that almost hides its detached and insidious enquiry.

The technique worked. An English midwinter caught me sweating in a tropical jungle and I squirmed in my armchair to escape from mosquitoes. A river prowled imperceptibly past me until, when the rains came, it stampeded headlong over my carpet and the room was suddenly alive with felled trees and their cargoes of birds' nests. I toyed with my bow and arrow. I remembered my heroic exploits, the men whose flesh I had eaten. Then, just as I was wondering whether the tapir joint would be tender, my wife entered with the news that I was still in London. Mr. Huxley had invented a very swift and, I imagined, reliable method of transport.

But most of my time in the Brazilian interior was spent in thinking about sex, the favourite activity of the Urubu. (How wrong Lawrence was in thinking that only Europeans intellectualise it.) As some of us tie a knot in a handkerchief to remind us of what we might forget, the Indian ties a modest piece of string to his penis as an earnest of his good intentions: otherwise he is naked except for a few ritual ornaments. Women and girls, old and young, married and unmarried, are indeed *suruked* on almost every conceivable and inconceivable occasion, but neither they nor their menfolk seem satisfied with the arrangement: to the plenitude of their activities they add an encyclopædia of amorous gossip and an orgy of lecherous meditation.

Some of this single-mindedness may be attributable to their recent pacification and the eradication of cannibal feasts. Until then they had two main aims, to create and to destroy human life: now they have only one. By an odd irony, which Mr. Huxley displays with cool clarity, the renunciation of murder as a social objective will probably destroy the cohesion of the tribe and lead to its extinction. Already they are suffering for their friendship with the white man. Measles, tuberculosis, and the venereal diseases seem epidemic. They kill off whole villages. Even worse, the social order has been thrown out of balance, the relationship between the sexes distorted.

It had been the pride of the women that they could give birth: it had been the pride of the men that they could kill. In the new dispensation the women retain their prestige but the men have lost all valid dignity. Apart from *suruking* (and "I want your penis" is the most often quoted phrase in the book) their lives are spent in shambling after tortoises, their staple meat, in hunting the harmless birds of the jungle and the equally harmless tapir, and in talking, and in talking, and in talking. . . . Their gossip is boastful, repetitive, and depress-

* *Affable Savages*. By Francis Huxley. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s.

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ing, like that of an artist who can no longer paint. Futility and frustration are the only subject-matter, indolence and inattention the only style. And is it to be wondered at? Mr. Huxley is probably right when he says that "Peace demands as active a relationship between people as war," but where is the energy for this activity going to come from? Urubu anthropology provides no answers to this question though it is one that we all must ask. Deprived of the right to kill, these Indians have become as neurotic as women in the modern West, and for the same reason. They have been deprived of their ultimate sexual privilege. Our women, particularly our young girls, can no longer be sure that they will become mothers. Careers and hysterectomy, contraceptives and strict monogamy, deprive too many of maternity and drive the young to compete with men in areas where competition is impossible, and this competitiveness leads to the complex which Freud diagnosed as penis-envy. The male Urubu is even worse off. He has no grounds whatever for hope. He will never be allowed to take part in a ritual killing. And he disdains to compete with women. In short, it is likely that he will be bored to death, literally bored to the point of racial extinction.

The sexual and anthropological basis for all this is made very plain by Mr. Huxley. He describes, with intimacy and exactitude, the ritual tortures undergone by girls who have just begun to menstruate. Only one other Urubu ceremony is equally painful, the penance of the executioner after a cannibal killing. And so the two events are ceremonially set against one another and the reproductive potency of the woman equated to the lethal potency of the man.

Luckily, in some ways, the Urubu have only recently been pacified and they are still far from extinct. Their colourful myths survive and will continue to survive in Mr. Huxley's vivid prose. Maír and Turiwar, Curupir and Aé, they are all gods with a personality, spirits of the jungle who have retained enough humanity to make them beautiful or dreadful, and their very strangeness gives them an added attraction to those of us who have grown over-familiar with the ground around Olympus. Their exploits are not for bedtime reading.

Nor, as I have hinted, is this book for the budding novelist. Its prose style would tempt him to imitation but he would never find matter to justify the style. Here it is functional, elsewhere it would be an affectation. But for the wide-awake who are more interested in reading books than in writing them and who love facts that contain a labyrinth of fictions, this book will prove a pleasant and thought-provoking nightmare.

Burns Singer

AMERICAN AND BRITISH PHILOSOPHY

I.

AMERICAN philosophy has had a style and tradition of its own which have so far distinguished it from British philosophy. It has had its roots in the political and social ideas of the American Revolution and in an early repudiation of decaying systems of thought in Europe. It has generally been closely linked to natural science, and "experiment," "experience," and "nature" have been sanctified words, coming from the founding fathers of the enlightenment. Typical American philosophers, like James and Dewey, have been aware of a large audience and of an educational mission, of a need to keep the Enlightenment perpetually in motion and scientifically up-to-date. In a democratic society, without ancient endowments and the inherited disciplines attached to them, the first principles of education will naturally be in dispute, and philosophers in their universities will unavoidably be drawn into general arguments about the best forms of society. In America their arguments have sometimes had a direct effect on institutions, while in Britain no philosopher since Jeremy Bentham has had any noticeable effect on customs and institutions. Dewey's philosophy affected actual methods of education. Bertrand Russell, a greater philosopher and a greater writer, has for many years applied his philosophical conclusions to social policy and to the theory of education. He has probably influenced opinion, but he has had little or no effect upon institutions.

Philosophers in America have been less sheltered and cloistered than in Britain, in this century at least, partly because the universities themselves have been less protected from external pressures. Consequently the tone of American philosophy, in James, Dewey, and Whitehead, for instance, has tended to be more earnest, more consciously responsible, more prophetic, and also loud and emphatic enough to reach a large and

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attentive audience. Since Mill, and always excepting Russell, British philosophy has often seemed to be a quiet exchange between adepts in some learned discipline; the rougher note of the lay preacher is seldom heard and is always disliked. The result has sometimes been philosophy that is more careful and modest, but also more faint and genteel, more easily left on one side in the larger movement of ideas. Within the universities philosophy was significant principally as a training in exact argument, but it generally left beliefs, and even habits of thought, undisturbed.

The arrival of logical positivism from Vienna in the thirties changed all this, and brought American and British philosophy much closer together. Every philosopher in either country had to define his position in relation to this aggressive system of belief. It is not surprising that the new emphasis on the philosophy of science, and the demand for mathematical rigour in philosophical argument, were both accepted more seriously in America than in Britain; but in general the same problems are now discussed in roughly the same way throughout the English-speaking world, the great differences lying between schools everywhere represented rather than between countries.

PROFESSOR Sydney Hook has asked twenty-nine philosophers to contribute an article, selected from their own writings, to his collection,* which is divided into three sections—Logic and Scientific Method, Metaphysics and Theory of Knowledge, Ethics and Social Philosophy. The advantage of good writing is all on the side of the logicians in this book. The metaphysicians, moralists, and social philosophers, who are still clinging to their right to free speculation, betray their cause by being largely unreadable. The grand manner of Whitehead turns into philosophical fustian when it is imitated, and Dewey is scarcely better as a model. From an article called "The New Outlook": "Existence is a restless force at once ingredient in and overflowing the borders of actualities, connecting each with every other, and coming to a focus in the good at which all actualities are directed. Men are able to exist properly within the world just so far as they accept the surging onrush of the world as containing within it all that is of substance and importance." After reading this, one may well think that there is nothing to be done with philosophy except to start again from some new foundation.

Professor Nelson Goodman, in his article "The

* *American Philosophers at Work*. Edited by SYDNEY HOOK. Criterion Books. New York. $7.50.

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Revision of Philosophy," which seems to me the most interesting in the book, suggests what the new starting-point might be: "a new and humbler conception of the nature of philosophical truth is needed." Using the techniques of mathematical logic, philosophers should try to construct a system of definitions which would constitute a kind of abstract map of the main logical distinctions needed in rational discourse. Rudolf Carnap had attempted exactly this in 1928 in *Der Logische Aufbau der Welt*, a book that was the classic text of the Vienna circle; in the last twenty years, and particularly because of the arguments of Wittgenstein, this method of solving philosophical problems by the construction of mathematical models has fallen into disrepute. Professor Goodman is pleading for its revival, on the grounds that precision is the necessary condition both of stating and of solving any problem at all.

But the cost of translating philosophical problems into the precise terms of a mathematical model is too great, if for this purpose we must omit much that is characteristic of our thought in ethics, æsthetics, and in the historical sciences. We have an ineradicable desire to see the whole range of human thought, as it exists at any one time, in the mutual relations of its parts, although we know that the view must be vague and imprecise. It is a noble austerity which demands that philosophers also should be specialists working on technical problems in a closely defined field; and one sees the motive for this austerity in the grey, undirected prose of many of the speculative articles in this collection. But, even in philosophy, must we be simply adding one or two stones to the edifice of knowledge, of which no one person will ever see the outline? There are those who would prefer to see one or two large things vaguely rather than to see one or two small things precisely. It is certain that such people, regarded as instruments for the extension of knowledge, are less useful now than they were in the 17th century, when modern knowledge began. But must everyone at all times be useful? Can one never indulge oneself in some comprehensive, and therefore inexact, view of results?

Both in Britain and America philosophers are now divided before this difficult choice of the proper nature of their study: should philosophy be one more special branch of knowledge, akin to mathematical logic or to the empirical study of language, or should it be an inexact survey of the nature of knowledge as a whole? The past of philosophy is never a guide to its future, but I think that the second interpretation will prevail. But persuasiveness is here all on the side of the advocates of mathematical or scientific precision, Professors Goodman, Quine, and Carnap.

Stuart Hampshire

2.

THIS is an extremely well-written, closely reasoned introduction to the main problems of the theory of knowledge.* Like everything written by Professor Ayer, it is lucid, direct, and provocative. Very likely it will be widely used as a textbook, stimulate many critical articles in *Mind*, and become the subject of stormy meetings of the Aristotelian Society. Indeed, it may come to occupy a position in contemporary British philosophy comparable to that of Russell's *Problems of Philosophy* in 1912. Just as the latter epitomised the beliefs of an earlier English philosophical world stirred by the new ideas of Moore and Russell, so Ayer's book conveys, in very readable form, the dominant attitudes of the most recent phase of linguistic philosophy. And unlike many presentations of this point of view, it conveys its message without affectation, archness, or vulgarity, without mannered obscurity posing as ultimate clarity. It is a very good book.

Ayer begins by saying that "the necessary and sufficient conditions for knowing that something is the case are first that what one is said to know be true, secondly that one be sure of it, and thirdly that one should have the right to be sure." In requiring the third condition, Ayer builds on a very influential paper by Professor J. L. Austin of Oxford, who insists on the titular character of knowledge, on the fact that knowing is not being in a state of mind that excels, on the same scale, the state of believing very firmly. Rather, the difference between knowing and believing very firmly consists in the fact that when we say we *know* we are claiming a *right* to believe firmly. No American philosopher will fail to see the extent to which this view of knowledge resembles that of William James, who once said that his famous paper "The Will to Believe"

* *The Problem of Knowledge*. By A. J. AYER. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

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should have been called "The Right to Believe." Of course this similarity should not be exaggerated, because James went on to say some peculiar things about the way in which the right to believe could be justified, but it should be mentioned simply because of the indifference or hostility which English philosophers have always shown toward pragmatism. It is therefore interesting to observe Austin and Ayer converging with James (as well as to observe the broad similarities between Dewey and Wittgenstein, both of whom opposed cartesian dualism, platonism, and the kind of formalism which focuses on the logical syntax of language rather than on its function and use).

Ayer introduces his definition of knowledge in order to consider the claims of the philosophical sceptic with whom he argues for the rest of the book. Ayer says that the sceptic need not reject this definition; on the contrary, he can exploit it. For if knowing that there is a cigarette case on this table implies having the right to be sure that there is, the sceptic will concentrate on the ways in which we defend our right to be sure of this and will maintain that they are all defective. In doing so he will be challenging our standards for establishing the legitimacy of the title to be sure. One may reply, as some philosophers do, that one is having an experience which is recorded in a so-called "sense-datum" statement, viz., "It seems to me that I am seeing a cigarette case," and that the statement that there is a cigarette case on the table is validly derivable from this sense-datum statement. But Ayer says on behalf of the sceptic and in opposition to the phenomenalist, that no number of such sense-datum statements would *logically* entail the conclusion that there is a cigarette case on the table. Therefore, if the sceptic insists that we must *deduce* the statement that there is a cigarette case on the table from the sense-datum statement, he is making a demand which we cannot satisfy because of the very way in which we use sentences which are taken as referring to physical objects. The sceptic's victory is therefore bloodless. "It is characteristic of what is meant by such a sentence as 'there is a cigarette case on this table' that my having just the experience that I am having is evidence for the truth of the statement which it expresses. The sceptic is indeed right in his insistence that there is a gap to be overcome, in the sense that my having just this experience is consistent with the statement's being false; and he is right in denying that a statement of this kind can be reduced to a set of statements about one's sense-experiences, that is, to a set of statements about the way that things would seem. He is wrong only in inferring from this that we cannot have any justification for it."

Now this is typical of the kind of argument which is offered at crucial points in this book. Our knowledge of the past and our knowledge of other minds have been the other traditional objects of sceptical doubts, and Ayer deals with these doubts in similar ways. I do not have the space in which to report Ayer's many subtle discussions of problems in this area because I should like to comment on his general method of answering the sceptic.

There is, of course, a difference between a deductive argument for a conclusion and one which appeals to experience. But from this it does not follow that the *philosophical* defence of the legitimacy of deduction *as such* is fundamentally different from the philosophical defence of the practice of basing knowledge on experience. Confusion arises when some philosophers try to defend *all* of deduction by saying that its legitimacy depends on the fact that the meaning of the premises contains the meaning of the conclusion, because then it seems right to say in contrast that the meaning of "It seems to me that I am seeing a cigarette case" does not contain the meaning of "There is a cigarette case on the table." We are given the misleading impression that *the reason why* we have the right to pass from the premise to the conclusion in the case of deduction is the fact that floating entities called meanings are related in certain ways when we deduce correctly, whereas a similar backing is not available when we move from a sense-datum statement to a statement about the existence of the cigarette case. But many contemporary philosophers are not likely to let so much rest on these floating meanings even if they should be willing to speak temporarily with more vulgar philosophers. They are likely to say that when we speak of these relations between the meanings of premise and conclusion in a deductive argument, we are saying in misleading picturesque language what had best be said by pointing out that the adequacy of deduction as such depends on how we use sentences which form the premises and conclusions of deductive arguments. And if we take this line, what more can we say than this: that in deduction we *use* sentences in such a way as to grant us the right to be sure of the conclusion if we are sure of the premise? But this is precisely the kind of answer that Ayer gives in defence of the general practice of basing our knowledge claims on experience. In both cases we can do no more than appeal to the accepted code for the transmissibility of the right to be sure; we appeal to the accepted way of speaking. Trying to justify the code *as a whole* in any more profound way is like trying to lift ourselves by our own bootstraps. We cannot find an Archimedean point outside of the structure for judging or

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budging the structure itself. We may question or revise specific standards for earning the right to be sure, deductive or otherwise, but we find it hard to think of ourselves giving up deduction as such or giving up the practice of basing knowledge upon experience. We are tempted to think we can because we draw an analogy between a code that sets up standards for the right to be sure and a moral code. In the latter case we feel that we can review the code that we *do* use in order to find a better one. But it is one thing to revise moral codes in specific ways and another to justify moral judgment as such, i.e. to justify the general practice of saying what ought or ought not to be done by reference to some standard or other. The request for such a justification of moral judgment lacks meaning, as do the analogous requests for justifications of deduction and basing our knowledge on experience. We engage in certain regulated practices like deduction, moral judgment, and scientific theorising, whose patterns the philosophically-minded person tries to discover and to express in principles. The deductive logicians have been the most successful in presenting such principles but even they cannot produce a mechanical criterion which will allow us to test all our principles of inference. When our practices change we may recast our rules but we are always moving back and forth from practice to rule and there is no rock which can serve as a fulcrum on which the claims of each can be weighed in some absolutely decisive way. The notion that there is such a rock is one of the great chimeras of Western thought. To have done something to eliminate this chimera is one of the great merits of Professor Ayer's book and of the philosophical tendency which he so brilliantly represents.

Morton White

THE LOVES OF KRISHNA

NO OTHER character in the world has grown as steadily over a period of nearly 3,000 years as Krishna in India, through the mediums of religion, poetry and literature, music and painting. Every age in Indian history has contributed to the development of Krishna, and still it continues. Whether Krishna existed historically or not is irrelevant. His gigantic existence in Indian hearts has made him a symbol of life lived with passion and delight, expressing lyricism and love in the process.

It is this Krishna whom W. G. Archer has succeeded in capturing in his brilliantly written book.* There are dozens of text-books, ancient and contemporary, on various aspects of Krishna, but none as lucid and comprehensive in approach, taking mythology, poetry, and painting into account.

Modern Indian scholasticism is a result of English education in India, and unfortunately it is stained with the stigma of English puritanism too. There is a general tendency to emphasise only the Krishna of the Bhagavad-Gita, the great diplomat and the embodiment of wisdom, whereas the vernacular scholars with their background of Sanskrit literature are free from these puritanical inhibitions and are able to deal with the character of Krishna more squarely, giving equal emphasis to Krishna the divine lover as well as Krishna the spiritual leader. Even in present-day Bengal, *Kirtan* singers still sing songs of Krishna, written during the 13th to 17th centuries, and explain them with extempore commentaries as well as giving spiritual interpretations. Surprisingly enough, *The Loves of Krishna* calls to my mind the very atmosphere of these song-dramas of Bengal. Like a *Kirtan* singer, W. G. Archer recalls story after story, from ancient Sanskrit sources to village legends, and relates them not only with a quite exceptional clarity but with all the passion of a poet.

The book opens with Krishna, the hero of the Mahabharata, and we then see his evolution through various *puranic* tales, exquisitely retold, until this gigantic God of Life meets an insignificant death at the hands of an unknown hunter who mistakes his feet for a gazelle's flank. Krishna's death itself explains the meaning of his character: when life is lived with the passion of a revolutionary and is directed against stagnation, death is merely a tailpiece. It has no more importance than the addition of the word "END" at the conclusion of a Victorian novel. I should like to quote the summary of Krishna's character, in the author's own words: ". . . Krishna lives among them, in fact God, but in the eyes of the people, a young boy." Or, as in another place: "Krishna is God, yet he is also man . . . the God beyond the man. . . . He sits in our houses and

* *The Loves of Krishna*. By W. G. ARCHER. George Allen and Unwin. 30s.

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calls us 'brothers.'. . ." It is this spirit of love which throbs not only in the hearts of Krishna's friends, both men and women, but also in the writing and makes the book a quite remarkable interpretation of Indian feeling and sentiment. Krishna's ability to love is not limited by sex. On one occasion, his brother Balarama goes with Krishna's approval to meet their old friends in Brindaban. "As he nears Brindaban, the familiar scenes greet him. The cowherds and cowgirls come into view, but instead of joy there is general despair. The cows low and pant, rejecting the grass. The cowherds are still discussing Krishna's deeds and the cowgirls cannot expel him from their minds." It is this love for individuals as well as for the community which inspired Krishna to destroy the demons who disturbed Mathura and Brindaban.

After discussing early interpretations of Krishna, the author then illustrates his love life by copious quotations of poetry and reproductions of as many as forty paintings of various schools. And it is here that we reach the author's heart. He has been gently leading the reader to this exquisite experience of divine romance. Here, too, Krishna behaves as God as well as a man with the ability to revolt against social restrictions in order to live passionately. The whole of Brindaban falls in love with the God of Life and Love, and Krishna, in his mission to return love, "is everywhere" as in the case of the circular dance, when he multiplied himself so that no cowgirl is left without a partner . . . making each believe he was dancing with her and her alone." This, in fact, is a pantheistic symbol of God being everywhere in everything, yet Krishna is not removed from man's intense feeling, his desire for expressing himself: "Adoration of Krishna was to prove one of the most vital elements in village and courtly life. It was to capture the imagination of Rajput princes and to lead to some of the most intimate revelations of the Indian mind. Yet in art its expression was to hover between the crude and the sensitive, the savage and the exquisite. It was to stimulate some of the most delicate Indian pictures ever painted and, at the same time, some of the most forceful." Here one is immediately drawn to notice how the author's mind has been working over the years on this theme. W. G. Archer's monographs on Kangra and Garhwal paintings in the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art fall into their proper places as materials for what must be regarded as his most important contribution to studies of Indian art and poetry to date, *The Loves of Krishna*.

Deben Bhattacharya

A CENTURY OF JAPANESE WRITING

SO MANY attacks have been made for so long upon the historical approach to literary criticism by bomb, cannon, and pea-shooter that one may well marvel that it survives at all. Yet few essays that approach works of literature from psychological or metaphysical standpoints are so pure, so immediately apprehensive that they are unsullied by some stain of influence, comparison, or consideration of "schools." As for the ordinary, educated, or semi-educated reader, he is, I think, forever holding to whatever scrap of historical background he possesses as a lifeline to save him from the ocean depths and the ocean waste of his purely personal reactions. To read the literature of a civilisation or age entirely or almost entirely unfamiliar emphasises one's unconscious dependence on historic background. To begin with, the unfamiliar is likely immediately to present a number of specious qualities—the "quaint," the "charming," the "horrific"—which are merely attempts to come to terms with a strange world on a surface level. Greater familiarity nearly always destroys these immediate impressions. Readers aware of this pitfall, on the other hand, may try quickly to reach a truer depth with insufficient preparation. Such readers are quick to find universal symbols, basic human emotions in any literature springing from a world whose ethos and assumptions are clearly not their own. All these difficulties are great enough when the exotic literature is entirely strange in its form and content; but they are perhaps even greater, because more subtle, where the exotic literature has been deeply influenced by the literature of the reader's own culture. Then all may seem to be imitation or, at the best, a familiar tune played slightly off key.

Having no knowledge of Japanese history or culture, I had these difficulties very much in mind in reading this anthology of modern Japanese literature* compiled by Mr. Donald Keene. Mr. Keene, it is true, provides a general

* *Modern Japanese Literature*. Edited by DONALD KEENE. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

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introduction and some prefatory notes to the work of each author. It cannot be said unfortunately that his elucidation is at all helpful. He points out that Japanese literature after 1873, like Japan itself, became increasingly imitative of Western models; no reader, I think, could have failed to see this. He states that "the amazing renaissance of literature in Japan during the past half-century or so will continue to be one of the wonders of the modern literary world." The assessment, apart from the prophecy, would be better left to the reader. He gives no details of Japanese social life or moral customs which might serve to explain the assumptions of certain of the writers. Of one writer, Higuchi Ichiyo, he tells us that her tale of children in the licensed quarter of Tokyo "is closer in style to the seventeenth-century novel than to work of its own day." On the surface the story in question appears to be an excellent piece of sensitive psychological naturalism, like many others in the book, and like many other tales in modern Western literature. Some details of its kinship to Japanese 17th-century models might have done much to dispel the surface uniformity which the uninstructed reader gets from so many of the pieces in this anthology. Where he does illustrate in his introduction, his remarks are very confusing. For example, he explains that "The Essence of the Novel" by Tsubouchi Shoyo published in 1885, from which an extract is given, was a manifesto for the departure from the decadent forms of the past to new Western models. Tsubouchi, he says, "rejected the didactic novel . . . in favor of the artistic novel, the beauty of which is its own excuse for being. Quotations from Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and a variety of other nineteenth-century giants buttressed his arguments." If quotations from Scott and Thackeray were used to support pure æstheticism it would be interesting to know how this was done; if they were not, the statement is merely confusing. Mr. Keene, in fact, has compiled an excellent anthology of mainly prose extracts, translated by various persons in lively, evocative language, but he has been so modest in his elucidation that the reader is left entirely to the light of his own uninstructed judgment.

THE total impression I received from the anthology was of good, yet ultimately disappointing work—certainly not of the high order implied by Mr. Keene. There are few samples of poetry, and these, in any case, I do not feel competent to comment on. The two short plays included are the strangest items, but their strangeness is not such as to excite the imagination greatly. There are a number of extracts from novels. I do not myself think that extracts from novels can be judged as literary works—any important novel is a total form; the most one can say is that the extract made one wish to read the whole. The extract from Futabatei's "The Drifting Cloud" of 1888 suggested a social observation and humour absent from most of the later work. Ogai's "The Wild Goose" (1911–13) is likely to be a sympathetic, restrained account of an unhappy kept woman, marred by somewhat Amanda Rosish language—"her despair, that had been ground smooth between the teeth of time and washed of its color in the waters of resignation." Tanizaki's "The Firefly Hunt," a post-war publication, is distinguished, sensitive work with great evocation of atmosphere. It is impossible to say more than that the complete novels might well compete with the mass of distinguished, competent work turned out yearly in Europe.

The main part of the anthology is composed of short stories and these can, of course, be judged as they stand. As one would expect in an anthology, there are none that are poor; all are competent, some few are distinguished, even memorable; but none, I think, would stand out among Western stories of the same period. The greatest number are studies in psychological realism; strangely uniform in mood of a gay love of life drifting into sadness or pathos; even more strangely uniform in social setting—there are no stories except Akutagawa's macabre medieval tales which deal with the highborn, only the rare proletarian story, most deal with the youth of the pleasure quarter, with the geishas themselves, or with travelling actors and acrobats, a very few with peasants. There is an obsession with adolescent mood—the quick passing gaieties and sorrows of youth—which is even more marked than in European literature and dominates a much longer period of literary production. The literary models would seem to be continental rather than English or American—Turgenev, Maupassant, the German Novelle of the end of the 19th century. There is a very strong accent on the fleeting mood and on introspection—a predominance of first person narration. Finally there is a strong accent on the passing of time, a kind of sad-sweet sense of life's futility.

Judged as an achievement in imitation, the work is remarkable. Regarded even as a promising and very readable literature, the anthology is more than rewarding. Nevertheless there is—in this collection, at any rate—an absence of real individuality, of powerful personal vision among these authors that has something of the same slightly depressing effect as reviewing the current output of novels each year in England. The few stories that are different—Shiga's works, Akutagawa's rather sadistic adaptations of medieval themes. Ishikawa's diary with its list-

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less *fin de siècle* note, above all, Dazai's "Villon's Wife" which has a resilience to its acceptant mood very refreshing after so much sad-sweet pathos—stand out perhaps a little in excess of their intrinsic merits. For the rest, I felt that there was something faintly artificial and worked up in so much literary sensibility and careful craftmanship.

Angus Wilson

TRANSLATIONS

TRANSLATION is the cinderella of literature: and no wonder. We take it for granted (1) that a work in the original must *ipso facto* be better than its translation; (2) that translating is less "creative" than other kinds of writing—a matter of compromise or of making to somebody else's blueprint. A translator is regarded a bit like the cox of a rowing eight—if the boat doesn't do well it's probably his fault, but if it does, then the kudos really belongs to the men at the oars. Yet, as Ezra Pound observed somewhere, great periods of literature are usually great ages of translation, or are preceded by them. The reason could be that translation is not only an expression of a ranging intellectual curiosity and activity, but an exercise in and an investigation of the language into which the translator translates. For a function of translation is not merely to make a work written in one tongue available to another, but to enrich and discipline that language into which the translation is made. In this sense great translators—as distinct from the merely competent—are as "creative" as original writers. For while the translator's task is not, as in the case of the latter, to express new concepts or ideas, he is faced with the equally creative (and difficult) job of expressing ideas and concepts which may have their verbal vehicles in one speech but not in the other; so that, as far as the language translated into is concerned, he must be a creator and discoverer.

Hence it often happens that some of the most notable translations have been made by men with little or even shaky knowledge of the language from which they are translating. The absolute prerequisite for a translator—this obvious and simple point cannot be too often insisted—is mastery over his own tongue. Ezra Pound is an instance. He has made renderings from the Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Provençal, and maybe half-a-dozen other languages. By scholars and specialists he has been convicted twenty times over of the grossest howlers and mistranslations. Thus in a narrow sense Pound is incompetent. Yet he remains unquestionably the greatest living translator of this century, which, by the way, has been by no means short of good practitioners of this art.* What is the answer to the paradox? It is, I believe, that Pound does more than translate—he revives, he recreates, he recasts. To describe a translation by Pound we really need a word like the Italian *rifacimento* (recasting). Most of his "howlers" are patently deliberate, as those in his famous version of "The Seafarer," the only translation of any Anglo-Saxon poem to give any real idea of the tone, feel, and texture of Old English verse. E.g. his rendering of "eorthan rices" as "earthen riches": here Pound gives an equivalent of the sound, rather than the meaning, of the Anglo-Saxon phrase. And it is by such indefensible procedures (indefensible by any except the grand test, which is that they *work*) Pound succeeds in conveying what the poem *is* rather than merely what it is *about*; what its words do as well as what they say. He does not only translate the poem but its impact. Thus Pound's "Seafarer" is as much a living entity as the original; and not, as the great bulk of translations of poems are, a wax reproduction—one of Mme Tussaud's exactly proportioned dummies—"lifelike," i.e. dead.

Before going on to consider Pound's new version of Sophocles' *Trachinæ*,† and Mr. Robert Fitzgerald's *Œdipus at Colonus*,‡ I had better make it clear that I belong to the majority, who don't know enough Greek for the question which of the two translations is more "like" Sophocles in the original to be determinable. I take on trust Professor S. de Jankowski's statement in his essay on Pound's translation that

* Aside from full-time translators such as Mr. Arthur Waley and the late C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, a long and impressive list could be made of individual translations such as Binyon's Dante, Robert Graves' versions of Apulieus and Lucan, Roy Campbell's St. John of the Cross, Norman Cameron's Villon and Rimbaud, Stephen Spender's Rilke and Lorca, David Gascoyne's Hölderlin, Vernon Watkins' Heine, John Heath-Stubbs' Leopardi, Marianne Moore's La Fontaine, etc. etc.

† *Sophokles. Women of Trachis.* A version by EZRA POUND. Neville Spearman. 10s. 6d.

‡ *Sophocles. Œdipus at Colonus.* An English version by ROBERT FITZGERALD. Faber and Faber. 15s.

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"Sophokles is sober in utterance and dignified; his style is simple but refined." On that count Pound as a stylistic interpreter of the Greek poet would seem to be right out.

All started when he had a letch for the girl,
and her pro-eh-Genitor 'Rytus wouldn't
let him put her to bed on the Q.T.

On the other hand the trouble with Mr. Fitzgerald's version is a horrible overdose of sobriety and refinement:

Polyneices, I find no matter for sympathy
In your directing yourself here. You may
Retire.

Or again:

CHORUS: *You are he!*
ŒDIPUS: *Do not take fright from what I say—*
CHORUS: *Oh, dreadful!*
ŒDIPUS: *I am accursed.*
CHORUS: *Oh, fearful!*
ŒDIPUS: *Antigone, what will happen now?*

Mr. Fitzgerald explains that when he made the original version of his translation in 1941 he "was unaware that W. B. Yeats had put the play into prose for the stage, with rhyming choruses." "Rhyming choruses" seems a better description of Mr. Fitzgerald's somewhat anæmic versifications than of such magnificent declamatory poems as Yeats' "Come praise Colonus' horses" which hardly pretend to be translations at all. But Yeats has the pull over Mr. Fitzgerald in the dialogue too; his prose is far more exciting than Mr. Fitzgerald's blank verse, whose virtues are almost entirely negative. That is, it isn't miltonic or victorian, eschews horrible archaisms together with the bankrupt romantic diction of Professor Murray, and except for a few awkward distortions apparently dictated by the metre (e.g.

Your daughters: one of them I have just now
Had seized and carried off; now I'll take this one!)

reads like fair prose. But negative virtues are not enough and one wants positive qualities such as passion and life (not "liveliness") which are in the Yeats, and in Pound. Mr. Fitzgerald's version seems to fail by reason of its lack of dramatic aggression, by which I mean that it is practically impossible to believe in any action ever arising from the words.

In Pound's *Women of Trachis* however, the case is entirely the opposite. The explosive abbreviated diction, the flashing and unexpected turns of phrase, don't hold up the action: they goad it.

NURSE: *If a slave be permitted, milady?*
I've heard you worrying time and again about Herakles. . . .
If I'm not speaking out of my turn, ma'am, you got
a fine lot of sons here, why not Hyllos go look for his father?
DAYSAIR: *See here, son, this slave talks sense.*
HYLLOS: *What's she say? Lemme hear.*
DAYSAIR: *No credit to you, that you haven't gone to look for your father.*

The theme of *Women of Trachis* is the death of Herakles, whose wife Daianeira ("Daysair") sends him the poisoned shirt of Nessus, believing it to be a love-charm. In Pound's version the obvious flaw is his peppering of some of the speeches with that weird, idiosyncratic, middle-west lingo which is apparently Pound's private invention, and slap-happy references to "Thebes-burg" and "Eurytusville." But this defect is not too heavy a price to pay for Pound's tremendous life-giving qualities. For what comes through in *Women of Trachis*—I don't know if it's in Sophocles but if it isn't it ought to be—is the rage of existence, the fury and energy of being that Shakespeare put in the mouth of Lear. Pound —and presumably Sophocles—gets Herakles to talk (no mean feat) not like a poetaster wearing an itchy vest but a man in a burning shirt:

Get away,
let me lie quiet, for the last time,
aah. What you doin', trying to turn me over,
let me alone. Blast it.
Bloody crime to start it again,
sticks to me.
It's coming back.
You greeks are the dirtiest,
damn you, if you are greeks at all,
where do you come from?
What I've done on the sea, and clearing out thickets,
killing wild animals.
And now I'm in torture, no one to finish it off
with fire, or with a knife,
or do ANYthing *useful,*
or even let me alone.

Or again:

My father told me long ago
that no living man should kill me,
but that someone from hell would, and
that brute of a Centaur has done it.
The dead beast kills the living me.
And that fits another odd forecast
breathed out at the Selloi's oak—
Those fellows rough it,
sleep on the ground up in the hills there.
I heard it and wrote it down
under my father's tree.
Time lives, and it's going on now.
I am released from trouble.
I thought it meant life in comfort.
It doesn't. It means that I die.
For amid the dead there is no work in service.

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Come at it that way, my boy, what
SPLENDOUR,
IT ALL COHERES.

Why, out of the existing corpus of Sophoclean drama, did Pound choose to translate the *Trachinæ*? When one reads those resigned yet exulting words of Herakles, is it impertinent to imagine that Pound, whose own labours in the service of literature have been Herculean and fatally rewarded, found in the theme of Sophocles' play an objective correlative for his own tragic situation? As Mr. Denis Goacher, who visited the poet in St. Elizabeth's hospital in 1954, points out in a moving foreword to the translation, Pound has now been shut up for a dozen years. The deadlock that deprives him of liberty, when even Doenitz, the U-boat admiral and legal heir of Adolf Hitler, has been set free, must be classed among the worse ironies of our time.

Except for a short obituary in *The Times* the recent death of Valery Larbaud has gone unnoticed in this country. In England he appears to have been known principally as a novelist, a critic, an authority on English literature, a translator of Whitman, and an early admirer and critic of James Joyce. But the American poet William Jay Smith lately published with the Grove Press, New York, a translation of Larbaud's *Les Poésies de A. O. Barnabooth*,* which first appeared in 1908. "A. O. Barnabooth," Larbaud's mask or persona, by whom the poems are supposed to be written, was a citizen of the world, a man without a country, a wanderer among cities; not an ordinary Ishmael, but a hedonistic, cosmopolite South American multi-millionaire:

Borborygms! Borborygms!
Rumblings of the stomach and the bowels,
Lamentations of the constantly changing flesh,
Voices, irrepressible whisperings of the organs,
Voices, the only human voice that does not lie,
And persists even for a while after physiological death . . .
Borborygms! Borborygms!
Do they also exist in the organs of thought,
Rumblings one cannot hear, through the thickness of the cranium?
Here are, in any case, some poems in their image . . .

This is an irresistible prologue, and the subsequent poems, which have the gaiety and sadness of real hedonism, yet are never sentimental or whimsical, bring no disappointment. Larbaud's is a

poetry of banal things; diverse facts; voyages;
Gypsies; sleigh rides; rain at sea;
Madness of a restless night, alone with a few books . . .

an elegy as it were of the civilisation that died in 1914.

Europe, you satisfy these unlimited appetites
For knowledge, and the appetites of the flesh,
And those of the stomach, and the inexpressible
All-powerful appetites of Poets
And all the pride of Hell.
(I have often wondered if you were not one of the steps of Hell, an adjacent canton.)
O my Muse, girl of the great capitals, you recognize your rhythms
In the incessant rumble of interminable streets!

The translator hits off the melancholy reverberation of the original French well enough, but sometimes fails (though with an honourable failure) to reproduce the nostalgia and poignancy of lines like

Dans la brume grondaient les canons du Bosphore,
La côte d'Asie à la côte d'Europe répondant
(Pour guider les vaisseaux) de quart d'heure en quart d'heure.

The Times did not mention these poems: yet on account of them Larbaud stands, and should be recognised to stand, in something like the same relation to Laforgue as that other poet of buried reputation, Tristan Corbière, does to Baudelaire. (In passing, one must recommend Walter McElroy's excellent and too-little-known translations of that very difficult Breton poet, also published by the Grove Press.) Superficially it might be taken as a pointer to the present and perennial infirmity of contemporary English writing—its dogged parochialism—that all the translations discussed here should have been made by Americans. But that would be to overlook, for instance, the most recent Penguin ventures—J. M. Cohen's *Penguin Book of Spanish Verse** and Anthony Hartley's anthology of 19th-century French poetry† in the same series. The latter is a particularly good compilation for its purpose, and contains some 120 poems chosen from no more than 22 poets—a change from some other anthologies. Both editors employ the sensible device of printing literal English versions of the poems in small type at the foot of the page.

* *Valery Larbaud. Poems of a Multi-millionaire.* Translated with an introduction by WILLIAM JAY SMITH. Grove Press Poetry, New York. $3.

* *The Penguin Book of Spanish Verse.* Introduced and edited by J. M. COHEN. Penguin Books. 5s.

† *The Penguin Book of French Verse* (*The Nineteenth Century*). Introduced and edited by ANTHONY HARTLEY. Penguin Books. 5s.

David Wright

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